

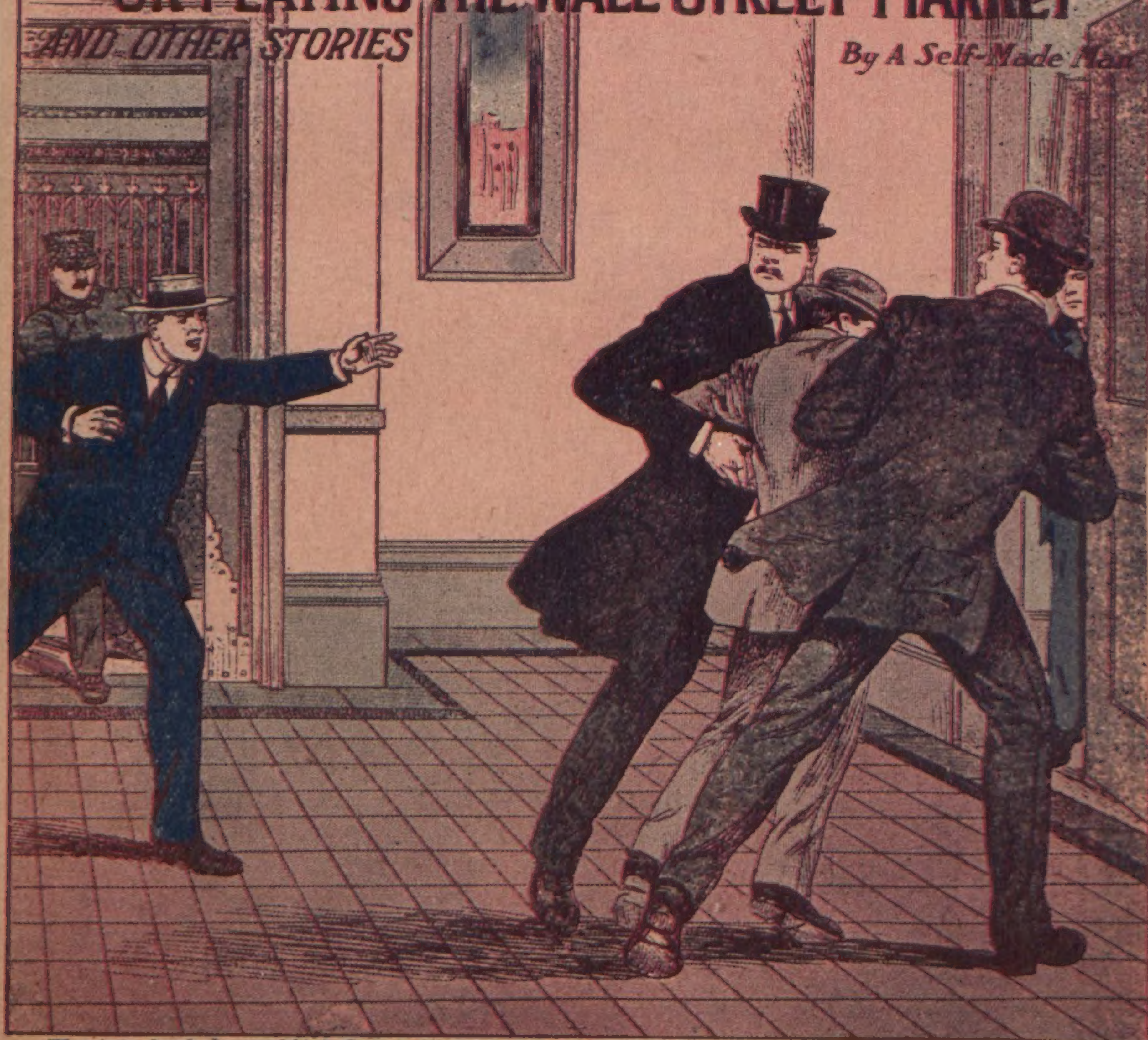
FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

SAM, THE SPECULATOR OR PLAYING THE WALL STREET MARKET

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



The two brokers grabbed Sam and started to force him into their office. The boy struggled to escape. At that moment the elevator stopped at the floor and Will got out.

"Here, what are you doing?" he cried, rushing forward.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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SAM, THE SPECULATOR

OR, PLAYING THE WALL STREET MARKET

BY A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—Sam, the Speculator.

"This here is what I call coinin' money, hang my old shoes if it ain't," muttered Sam Swift, a woolly-looking lad of somewhat ungainly proportions, with glistening eyes, as he watched the blackboard in the waiting room of the little bank on Nassau street with feverish interest. "I tell yer, I didn't make no mistake in cuttin' loose from ther ranch an' comin' to New York."

"You seem to be excited, my young friend," said a middle-aged man of provincial appearance, who had just come in and taken the vacant seat beside Sam.

"Me excited, mister," answered the boy; "waal, perhaps I am jest a little mite. I reckon you'd be, too, if yer saw a raft of money comin' your way."

"I don't quite perceive your drift. Do you mean that you are interested in the stock market?"

"I reckon I'm interested in it from ther ground floor up."

"Dear me, is it possible? Why, you're only a boy."

"Hang it, what difference does that make if I know ther ropes?"

The elderly man regarded Sam much as he might some new kind of zoological specimen he had never seen before. Somehow or other the boy interested him. In fact, everything he had seen since he arrived in New York from Elmira the day before had interested him. His name was Adam Shuttleworth, and he was a small department store merchant who had come to the metropolis to lay in a supply of new goods. Before getting down to business he was taking in the city, and in the course of his travels had hit Wall Street, of which he had heard enough to fill a book, and which he was curious to get a closer insight into. He knew that Wall Street was not only the money center of the country, but it was the center of speculation in all manner of stocks.

"My young friend, might I inquire what stock you are interested in?" he said, after a momentary silence.

"I reckon I kin oblige yer, mister. I'm in on Wabash preferred. I've got fifty shares on margin. Bought 'em at 10, and now they're goin' at 27 1-8. That means I'm \$400 to ther good. If that thar stock goes up two p'int's more, I'll double my deposit. I reckon that's goin' some, eh?"

"Then you are really speculating yourself?"

"If I hain't, I dunno what I'm doin'. Ike told me afore I left ther ranch that I was a born speculator, 'cause thar warn't nothin' I wouldn't take a shy at ef I got ther chance. A broker wot stopped at our ranch taught me all I know about speculating."

"Isn't that rather a risky business to devote your attention to?"

"Risky! Waal, mister, yer kin bet yer socks it is. Down hyar in Wall Street a feller kin git cleaned out so quick as to take his breath away. Hang it, since I came to New York I've seen a slew of chaps wiped out of every cent they had in thar clo's, right in this hyar room."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, sah, it's a fact. I'm rakin' in ther mazuma jest now like a house afire, but next week I might hit it wrong and have to live on snowballs for ther rest of ther spring."

"How long have you been in New York?"

"About four months."

"Have you been speculating long in Wall Street?" asked Mr. Shuttleworth curiously, for it didn't seem to him that a boy could make a success of that sort of thing.

"Ever since I come here."

"Is it possible! And have you been successful at it?"

"Gosh hang it, ef I wasn't successful, I'd be flat broke. I come on here with \$100, which dad gave me to try my luck at ther game, and now I'm worth \$600, with \$400 more in sight. Yes, mister, ef I sold out my fifty shares of Wabash right now I'd have \$1,000 in my clo's."

There seemed no reason to doubt Sam's assertion. Mr. Shuttleworth was ready to give the boy credit for accomplishing more than he believed any other boy could do in the same period of time.

"Your father must be proud of you, for I suppose you write him regularly about your success?" he said.

"I've only written to him and marm twice since I've been here. Dad knows I kin hoe my own row, and it doesn't worry him none ef-he don't hear from me in a coon's age."

While they were talking the whole list of stocks was advancing, an eighth and sometimes more, at a time. Wabash preferred had gone up another point, and Sam hadn't missed it with all his talk.

"I'm in \$50 since yer sat down alongside of me," he told Shuttleworth.

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the Elmira merchant. "How do you tell?"

"By ther quotations as they're slapped up on that thar blackboard."

"I perceive a multitude of figures there, but I never could tell what they mean. Can you understand all about them?"

"Waal, now, how d'ye s'pose I could keep track of things ef I couldn't?"

Sam proceeded to explain that the abbreviations at the top of the board stood for the names of different railroads, and that the figures in chalk written immediately under them represented the price at which the stock exchanged hands. He also told Mr. Shuttleworth many other points about the stock market which greatly enlightened that gentleman. At length the merchant said he guessed it was time for him to go. He said he was stopping at the Astor House, and he invited Sam to go there and take lunch with him, a condescension on Shuttleworth's part which showed he was quite taken with the young speculator.

"Thanks, mister, I'd like to go along with yer and try some real hotel fodder, but, yer see, business is business with me. I've got to stay hyar and watch my deal. Ef I didn't, it might go back on me 'fore three o'clock, when ther Exchange closes, and I'd lose money."

"I understand," replied Shuttleworth, pleased at the boy's attention to business, which he believed in, being a business man himself. "Maybe you would dine with me at seven o'clock?"

"I'll do that ef yer say so," replied Sam promptly.

"Veny well. Here is my business card. Call at the Astor House around half-past six and ask for me at the desk."

"I'll be thar on time, Mr. Shuttleworth. So you belong to Elmira, up ther State? If yer want me to put yer next to any of ther sights in town, jest say ther word, and I'm at yer disposal."

"Thank you, Swift. We'll talk about that this evening."

Mr. Shuttleworth then took his departure, and Sam turned the whole of his attention to the blackboard.

CHAPTER II.—Sam and the Dapper Thief.

Wabash preferred went up to 31, at which point it struck Sam that it looked topheavy, as it certainly was.

"I reckon I know when to quit," he said to himself. "Ef I sell now I'll clear \$600, and that's a bunch of money. Ef I hold on, I may make \$100 more, but then, again, I might lose \$200. I was told that ef Wabash went to 29 it would do mighty well. I meant to sell when it got thar, but blame me ef I could do it, for it kept goin' right up. As it looks kind of shaky now, I'm a-goin' to sell afore it loses its grip."

So he went to the clerk's window and told him he wanted to get rid of his stock.

"Let me have your memorandum," said the clerk.

Sam handed it to him. Inside of a minute the clerk handed him an order to sign.

"Have that put through quick, will yer?" said Sam.

"It will be telephoned to the Exchange at once," was the reply.

"All right, pard, I'll take yer word for it," said Sam, leaving the window.

It was half-past two now, and as Sam had no further interest in the market for the present he made a bee-line for a quick-lunch house and ordered a cup of coffee, a sandwich and a piece of pie. Getting away with that, he walked out on the street. He strolled up Broad street, with his soft cowboy-like hat pulled over one ear. Half of the boys working in the Street knew him, and he had become popular with them, though when he first appeared in the neighborhood they had tried to have fun with him, but soon found out there was nothing doing in that line. The boys soon discovered Sam was a good fellow. Sam had not proceeded far when he ran against one of his friends.

"Hello, Sam!" said this boy, who was a broker's messenger, named Will Walker.

"Hello, yourself!" replied Sam good-naturedly.

"I suppose you're in on the market?—every one seems to be."

"I was in on it, but I jest sold out."

"You're sensible. I heard my boss say a little while ago that prices wouldn't hold much longer. Some of them, like Wabash preferred, are very much inflated—'way above their normal value. They're bound to go back—at least Wabash is. What stock did you deal in?"

"Wabash."

"You don't say! What did you buy at?"

"Nineteen."

"You got it at the right time. If you've just sold out, you must have doubled your money."

"Waal, I did purty well. I ain't got no kick comin'."

"Glad to hear it. Don't buy anything else till the market adjusts itself."

"No, I reckon prices are too high. I only buy when they're low."

"That's the ticket. Well, so long," and Will rushed off down the street.

"I wonder how I'll put in ther time till half past six?" mused Sam, as he thought about the three and a half hours ahead of him. "I might go down to ther Battery and sit on a bench thar, or I might take a stroll along South street, or I might walk up to City Hall Park, which ain't far from the Astor House, or I might—hang it, ef that warn't a cool theft, my name ain't Sam Swift! Hi, thar—stop, thief!" and with a whoop that attracted general attention, Sam started after a dapper young fellow whom he had detected picking the pocket of a well-dressed man who had just come out of a money broker's office.

The thief darted down New street, with Sam in full chase.

"Stop, thief!" shouted the young Texan, and his voice carried clear to Exchange place.

The dapper young man began to realize that Sam was likely to be his Nemesis unless he could shake him off, and he didn't see how he could do that by running, as the boy was gradually overtaking him. Then his shouts were attracting so much notice that somebody was sure to head him off. His only chance, and a slim one it was, seemed to be to take refuge in one of the office buildings. Accordingly, he dashed into the next doorway he came to and rushed up the lower flight of

stairs. Sam noted where he went in and followed, catching sight of him nearing the top of the flight. He sprang up three steps at a time as the fellow disappeared. When he reached the landing the thief was nowhere to be seen. Sam ran to the next corridor, but the man was not there.

"Whar in thunder did the critter go?" muttered Sam, now at fault.

He scratched his head and reflected.

"I reckon he's gone into one of ther offices. I'm goin' to watch for him to come out, jest as a niggah watches for a coon to come down a tree," he said.

Accordingly, he posted himself at the junction of the two corridors, where he commanded a full view of each.

"I'll get him yet. He didn't go up to ther next floor, so he must be here yet. I'll wait here till he shows himself, by Christopher, I will! He can't stay longer than five o'clock, and I reckon he'll show himself long afore then."

Thus argued Sam, when he noticed a small door at the end of the second corridor. It did not have a glass upper pane in it like the other doors.

"That don't belong to no office," he said. "I'm goin' to take a look into it jest for the fun of the thing."

To do that, he would have to leave the main corridor unwatched for the time being, which would give the thief, if he was in one of the front offices, a chance to get away. Sam realized that fact, and he hesitated making a change of base. While he was figuring on the matter, he saw the door in question open and a head appear. The head was turned in Sam's direction a moment and then suddenly disappeared, the door closing again.

"Bust my b'iler ef ther chap ain't in thar!" exclaimed Sam.

"Waal, I reckon I'll have him out in one shake of a coon's tail."

Sam walked softly down to the door, laid his hand on the knob and then gave it a sudden jerk. The door opened hard, but with it came the thief, pitching forward. Sam nabbed him as quick as winking.

"So I've got yer at last, eh? Waal, this is whar yer see yer finish," said Sam.

"Hello, what are you up to?" protested the dapper young man, trying to release himself from Sam's iron grasp.

"Come, now, produce that pocketbook yer stole from ther man in Wall street."

"What are you talking about? Are you dippy?" said the thief.

"I'll make you dippy ef yer don't hand it over quicker'n greased lightnin'. I reckon yer don't know who I am, pard."

"Let me go, will you?" said the crook angrily.

"I'll let yer go as soon as I meet a policeman; but you've got to hand out that pocketbook first, or ding bust yer you and me air goin' to have a mix-up. Come, now, fetch it out!"

The dapper young man refused to produce, so Sam tripped him up, sat upon his chest, and began going through his pockets. At that moment a door opened near by and a man came out.

"Help! Help!" cried the thief. "I'm being robbed!"

The newcomers on the scene at once took Sam for a thief and laid hold of him.

"Hold on, thar, mister, what air yer doin'?" This here chap air a thief I'm goin' through to find a pocketbook he stole," said Sam.

"Don't believe him," said the dapper young man. "He's robbing me. Pull him off."

The man believed him and started to unseat Sam.

"Ding bust it, quit, will yer? Do yer want this chap to escape?"

Sam was not easy to handle, and the man found his work cut out for him. The young Texan dug his knees against the thief's side and maintained his hold. At the same time he continued digging away at the crook's pockets, and finally got hold of a pocketbook and pulled it out. Satisfied that he had secured what he wanted, Sam sprang up, shook himself free from the newcomer's grasp, and grabbed the thief before he could get away. Holding the fellow tight, he explained the situation to the party who had interfered and finally convinced him that he had nearly made a mess of the matter. At this point the dapper young man made an eel-like movement and slipped out of his jacket, leaving it in Sam's hands. Then he made a dash for the main corridor, gained it, rushed to the stairs and went down them like a streak. Gaining the street, he dashed down to Exchange place and turned up toward Broadway. Sam was taken by surprise, but finally gave chase, after dropping the crook's coat. When he reached the street the thief was out of sight.

CHAPTER III.—The Man Thought Sam Easy.

"Ding bust it, I'll have to let him go," said Sam. "I don't care as long as I got ther pocketbook away from him. I kin return that to ther owner."

Sam walked up toward Wall street at a leisurely pace. An hour had elapsed since the robbery had taken place and the man who had lost the pocketbook, after being the center of interest to a crowd, and relating his trouble to a policeman, had left his name and address with the officer and gone to his office in the neighborhood. Sam and the thief had disappeared so quickly that the few people who followed them at first were unable to trace their subsequent movements, and the policeman himself failed to pick up a clue.

The young Texan did not expect to find the owner of the pocketbook waiting at the scene of the theft, but as the man had come out of the money broker's office he thought he could get some information about him there. Accordingly, he entered the place. A clerk came forward to wait on him.

"Say, a man was robbed of a pocketbook outside yer door 'bout an hour ago. Do yer know his name and whar I kin find him?" Sam asked.

"That was Broker Barnes. His office is in the Caxton Building, in the next block below," replied the clerk.

"Thanks, pard, for ther information," and Sam walked out, the clerk looking after him and sizing him up as some wild and woolly specimen which had escaped out of the West. Sam went straight to the Caxton Building and going to the man in

charge of the elevators, asked him which floor Mr. Barnes's office was on.

"Third floor, Rooms 306-7," was the reply he got.

Sam took an elevator up and was soon in the broker's outer office.

"Mr. Barnes in, mister?" he asked the cashier.

"He went home about five minutes ago," answered the cashier.

"That so? What time kin I see him in ther mornin'?"

"Between half-past nine and ten."

When he reached the street he looked at the clock on Trinity Church and saw that it was half-past four.

He walked down Broad street to Beaver and up Beaver to Broadway. Then instead of keeping on, he went into the little Bowling Green enclosure, which by courtesy is called a park, and sat down on a vacant bench. Pulling out the pocketbook, he opened it. It contained two \$500 bills and two \$100 notes; also a lot of memoranda. Among other things, a card on which was written the following:

"Barnes:

"Sell Wabash preferred till you get orders to stop.

"(Signed) JORDAN."

"Sell Wabash," muttered Sam. "I reckon that's about ther right thing. I've sold what I had of it. This hyar Jordan must have a lot of it he wants to get rid of."

Suddenly it occurred to Sam that Jordan was selling short—that is, selling Wabash that he didn't own at the market price on the chance that when the time came that he had to deliver it to the purchaser, under the rules, he would be able to purchase it at a lower price than he had sold it for, thereby pocketing the difference.

"I'll be ding busted ef I don't sell some Wabash myself to-morrer. It closed at 32. I kin cover ther sale of 100 shares. Ef I should get stuck I reckon I won't lose more'n a hundred or two, but it air my 'pinion it's goin' to drop to-morrer, in which case I'll make something. I figger that ther chances air all in my favor, so I'm goin' to risk it. Ef I warn't honest, I could keep this hyar pocketbook and ther \$1,200, and nobody would be ther wiser. But somehow or 'nother I hain't built that way. My dad always says that honesty is ther best policy, and I reckon he ought to know, for he's older and more experienced than me. Now, thar's Ike. That cuss'd steal ther pennies off a dead niggah's eyes to get rum with. That's ther kind of critter he is. Some day he'll run ag'in a knife or a bullet, and die with his boots on."

Sam put the pocketbook in his pocket and looked at the clock on the Produce Exchange Building. It pointed to five. He had another hour and a half to dispose of, and he strolled down to the Battery, which was close by and took his seat on a bench near the water.

CHAPTER IV.—Sam and Broker Barnes.

Sam walked into the Astor House at half-past six. He was shown to Mr. Shuttleworth's room. That gentleman was glad to see him. Sam spent

a pleasant evening with the gentleman. When he reached the little bank on Nassau street next morning he called at the margin clerk's window.

"Thar's \$1,100 comin' to me, I reckon, this afternoon. Now, I want to put up \$1,000 of that on a deal. I want yer to sell 100 shares of Wabash preferred for me short. I've a notion the bottom air comin' out of that stock and I want to be in ther swim when she tumbles—catch my meanin'?"

The clerk smiled. He knew Sam as a regular customer of the house by this time, and rather liked his free-and-easy ways.

"Where's your memorandum? I'll look you up," he said.

"There yer are, pard," said Sam.

In a few minutes the clerk returned and told Sam he'd take his order on the strength of what was coming to him, less \$100 which he could collect later, so the deal was put through. Sam then started for Broker Barnes' office. Mr. Barnes was in and Sam asked for an interview.

"What's your name and business?" asked the office boy.

"Sam Swift, and my business air private."

He was admitted and found himself face to face with the man he had seen robbed.

"I reckon you're Mr. Barnes," said Sam.

"That's my name," replied the broker, eyeing his visitor curiously.

"Waal, I called about a pocketbook you lost yesterday afternoon up ther street."

"What about it?" asked the broker quickly.

"Waal, sah, thar's this about it. I seen yer robbed and I chased the chap that got away with ther goods down New street into an office buildin', whar he disappeared as slick as a whistle. But he couldn't fool me, ef I am from Texas, so I jest laid for him and bimeby I found him hidin' in a closet, and, pouncin' on him, got ther pocketbook away from him, though I'll allow ther critter got away himself by slippin' out of his jacket—a rather cute trick I never seen worked afore. Now, sah, ef you'll say how much money was in yer pocketbook, jest to make things look straight, I'll hand it to yer and get out," said Sam, in his free and easy way.

The broker received his speech in some surprise.

"Do you mean to say that you recovered my pocketbook?" he asked.

"I reckon."

"And you want me to describe its contents?"

"Jest as a matter of form, sah, so that you'll know I hain't touched a cent."

"I'm willing to take your word for that, for I can see you're an honest boy," smiled Mr. Barnes.

"Ef you kin see that yer doin' purty well, for I've heard dad say that yer can't jedge a book by its cover, meanin' that appearances ain't always to be depended on."

"I know; but there's the ring of truth and honesty about you that is unmistakable. Well, I had two \$500 bills and two \$100 bills, besides some—"

"That'll do, sah. Here's yer pocketbook. You'll find everythin' in it. I was afeard maybe that crook had copped some of ther money, and in that case yer might think I took it," said Sam.

"Everything is here, my lad, and I am a thousand times obliged to you for bringing my prop-

erty back. As an evidence of my appreciation, let me hand you these two \$100 bills," said the broker.

"It hain't necessary to pay me, sah. The pocketbook air yer property, and yer have a right to git it back. I hain't askin' nothin'. I'm satisfied with havin' prevented ther thief gettin' away with it."

"But you lost some of your time in my behalf and you must have had some trouble with the thief before you got it away from him."

"The time I lost warn't worth nothin', for I was through business for ther day. As for ther trouble I had, sah, it war a pleasure to git ther best of that crook."

"Nevertheless, I insist on your taking this money," said the broker firmly. "I shall not feel satisfied if you don't."

"Waal, ef yer insist, I'll take it, seein' as dad says it's bad luck to refuse ther mazuma. I'll gamble on it ef yer offered that much to Ike at our ranch he wouldn't lose no breath refusin' it. We wouldn't see him back on ther ranch for two months—no, sah, not till he'd blow'd every cent in over ther bar in town."

"So you live in Texas?"

"Yes, sah. Born and raised thar."

"And your name is——"

"Sam Swift."

"Your father owns a ranch, you say?"

"Yes, sah—a big one with a thousand head of cattle, more or less."

"And you came to New York to see the sights, I suppose?"

"No, sah. I came to this hyar burgh to speculate in Wall Street."

"You did!" said the broker, in surprise. "Then you couldn't have come on a worse errand."

"Mebbe so, sah, but ther bulls an' bears hain't done nothin' to me to speak of so far, and I've been hyar 'bout four months. I started in with \$100, and now I'm worth \$1,200, not countin' this \$200 you've handed me, and I've kept myself in ther bargain. I kinder think that's doin' purty well for a jay, as ther boys called me at first."

"Upon my word, you appear to be a wonder!" the broker said, in a tone of some admiration.

"I dunno as thar's anythin' wonderful about me. Thar would be ef I got a city suit of clo's, and one of them silk hats ther brokers wear, and went back to ther ranch lookin' like a dude. Gosh blame it, I don't believe I'd ever reach ther house ef Ike caught sight'r me in sich a rig. He'd shorely empty both of his six-shooters into me and fotch me 'long as a new kind of animal he'd shot."

Mr. Barnes laughed heartily at Sam's words, uttered in a serio-comic kind of earnestness. Sam was certainly the most unique character he had ever met, and he determined to keep track of him.

"Young man, you interest me," he said. "I shall be glad to have you drop in and see me once in a while. If I can help you in your speculative ventures don't fail to call on me and ask any favor you stand in need of. If I can grant it I will do so with pleasure."

"That's r'al kind of yer, Mr. Barnes, but I ain't askin' favors from nobody at present. Dad says every tub stands on its own bottom, and I'm standin' on mine to the best of my ability. The

feller who kin hoe his own row without help is ther chap who gets along these hyar days. Waal, I must be goin' now. Much obliged for the \$200. It'll come in handy, I reckon, for yer can't have too much of ther mazuma in Wall Street. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Swift. Don't fail to call again," said Broker Barnes.

Sam went up to the little bank and sat down. He found that Wabash had opened a point lower than it closed, which was a bad sign for those long on the stock. He took it for granted that the bank had sold 100 shares for his account at 30. Every broker Barnes met that day he told about Sam Swift and his speculative performances since he came to Wall Street with \$100 in his pocket. He also explained what a go-as-you-please sort of chap Sam was, and how honest he had proved himself with respect to the stolen pocketbook. The result was the brokers were curious to see Sam. When noon came Wabash was down to 28. It looked as if it would go lower still that day. About half-past twelve Sam went to lunch. He met Will Walker on the way.

"I'm in on ther market again, pard," he said.

"I thought you were going to wait till prices settled down. What did you buy?"

"I didn't buy anythin'. I sold 100 Wabash short," replied Sam.

"Oh, so you've turned a bear."

"Waal, I'm on the bear side for ther first time. Variety air ther spice of life, my dad says, and what he says goes with me."

"Your father is pretty well fixed, I guess?"

"It's a safe bet he air, pard."

"I suppose you'll come in for the ranch one of these days?"

"That won't be for some time. Dad air too healthy for ther undertaker yet."

"If he should die your mother would get it, of course."

"I reckon. I'm goin' in hyar for a bite," said Sam, and the boys separated.

During the afternoon Wabash slumped to 25. Shortly after three Sam collected the \$100 coming to him. He was already \$500 ahead on his short deal, so that he figured he was worth close on to \$2,000. The reader will not wonder that he went home in good spirits.

CHAPTER V.—The New Boarder.

Sam lived at a cheap boarding house on West 43d street, near Broadway. He had a hall room on the third floor. His personal possessions consisted of a small trunk full of clothes. On Sunday he wore a ready-made suit he had bought in a department store, and when he went out that day a derby took the place of his familiar slouch hat. He possessed the magnetism that makes friends, and people would take frankness in him where they would resent it from another.

"What yer got for supper to-night, Mrs. Sparks?" he asked the landlady, when he came down in answer to the bell announcing dinner on the tables.

"We have roast mutton for one thing," replied the landlady, with a smile.

"Waal, now that hits me in a tender spot," he

said. "You certainly treat us folks to the fat of the land. I reckon them comic writers that pull off jokes on boarding houses hain't got nothin' on you."

That was merely a pleasant little bluff on Sam's part, for Mrs. Sparks set none too good a table. At any rate, the boarders were always kicking about something. Sam was the exception and consequently he stood high in the landlady's good graces, and he got many tidbits the others missed. The Texas lad was sharp enough to see that a little blarney was a good investment, and he also found that tipping the waitress paid a handsome return. Sam took his seat and was served with some watery concoction which went by the name of soup. This special soup appeared twice a week and generally produced a howl. Sam privately thought that if Ike was served with that kind of soup he'd shoot up the dining room.

"How's Wall Street, Swift?" asked a stout man, who was honored with the seat at the head of the table.

"Waal, I reckon Wall Street air about the same as usual," replied Sam.

"Stocks are going down, I see."

"I reckon."

"A few days ago they were all booming. Seems to me you never can tell what's going to happen down there."

"No, sah. You've got to keep yer eyes open all ther time if yer 'spect to keep in ther swim."

A new boarder, named Martin Daly, was an attentive listener to the foregoing. He had taken the back square room on the third floor, next to Sam's hall room. He finished his dinner about the same time that the young Texan did, and they left the dining-room at the same time.

"I beg your pardon, young man, but as we are fellow-boarders I thought I'd take the liberty of introducing myself," said the new boarder suavely. "My name is Daly."

"Waal, I'm glad to know yer, Mr. Daly. My name air Sam Swift," said the Texan.

"You are from the West, are you not?"

"Ther Southwest, sah. I'm from Texas."

"Our largest State. Not fully settled yet, I believe?"

"I reckon thar's room for a few more. My dad's ranch could take in the whole of New York, meanin' Manhattan Borough, and I dunno but we'd have plenty of room left to move'round in."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger, in surprise.

He had thought Sam was some lone chicken who had come to the city to try his luck.

"Yes, sah. Yer kin stand in ther cupola on top of our house with a telescope and yer can't see ther boundary lines of our property," said Sam complacently.

"Your father is a farmer on a large scale, then?"

"No, sah; he air a cattle raiser."

"He must be worth money."

"Waal, yer can't run that business on nothin'."

They had now reached the third floor and the new boarder invited Sam in his room. Sam was willing to go in, for he liked sociability, and the two were soon seated facing each other.

"Have a cigar?" said Daly, producing one from his pocket.

"You'll have to excuse me, sah; I don't smoke."

"No? Well, it's an expensive habit," said the

new boarder, lighting up himself. "You are employed in Wall Street in some capacity, I take it?"

"No, sah. I jest hang around Wall Street, takin' a flyer at the market once in a while for luck."

The new boarder got the idea from Sam's words that he had plenty of money and was just amusing himself in Wall Street. The fact that his father was a large and, presumably, wealthy cattle raiser, lent color to this idea.

"What do you deal in—mining stock?" asked Daly.

"Waal, I hain't done nothin' in 'em yet. I have been buyin' railroad stocks."

"That takes money. I suppose you operate on margin?"

"I reckon."

"You ought to try mining stocks for a change."

"I don't figger thar's much in 'em."

"I can put you on to a good one. I'm in it myself."

"That so?"

"Yes. It's the Yellow Dwarf. It's quoted at ten cents. You can look it up to-morrow. I've got a tip that a rich lode of gold ore has lately been uncovered in it. The fact is not known outside the people directly interested in the mine. The minute the news gets out, the price is bound to go up, probably to a quarter a share. I've got a big bunch of the stock, about 20,000 shares, which I bought at a nickel. I will let you have 5,000 shares at ten cents if you want to get in on it. I wouldn't sell a share, only I need \$500 for a special purpose. Now, as I've told you the inside facts about the mine in confidence, you must promise to keep them to yourself. I'm going to Paterson to-morrow on business. You must decide by to-morrow night whether you'll take the shares. If not, I'll sell them down at the Curb next morning," said the new boarder.

"Waal, I'll think-about it," said Sam, in a non-committal tone.

"All right. You can have 5,000 at ten cents to-morrow night. Inside of a week you are likely to double your money."

Sam said nothing. What the new boarder said might, or might not, be true. At any rate, he was not anxious to buy any stock until he had closed his present short deal in Wabash preferred. Daly changed the subject to other matters, and finally said he had a date at half-past nine he had to keep. That ended the interview.

CHAPTER VI.—Sam Saves Dorothy Barnes.

Next morning Wabash opened still lower and during the day dropped down to 21. At that point Sam ordered 100 shares bought to cover his deal. After closing up the transaction he went to lunch and then as it was only half-past two he walked over to the Curb to make some inquiries about Yellow Dwarf. He found it was selling at 15 cents.

"Gone up five cents to-day?" he said to the broker.

"Not that I'm aware of," was the reply.

"Why, I was told it was sellin' for ten cents."

"It hasn't been as low as ten cents in a month or more."

"Waal, that's funny. The man who told me about it last night said he had 20,000 shares of it. He offered to sell me 5,000 for ten cents."

"I guess you must have misunderstood him."

"No, sah. I kin sw'ar he said ten cents."

"You'd better buy them from him, then. Bring them to me, and if the price hasn't changed in the meantime I'll get you fifteen cents. You couldn't make \$250 easier."

"Ye're shore it's been fifteen cents for a month?"

"Yes. If you doubt my word, ask any broker around here."

"Then I don't see why that chap offered it to me for ten cents."

"He must have made a mistake."

"I reckon he did. What's ther chance of it goin' to a quarter?"

"No chance that I know of. Still one never can tell what'll happen."

The broker walked off. Sam tackled another trader about Yellow Dwarf and got practically the same information.

"I guess Mr. Daly didn't mean ten cents last night. Nobody but a fool would sell a fifteen-cent stock for ten cents," thought Sam, as he walked up to Nassau street. That evening after supper the new boarder buttonholed Sam again and took him to his room.

"Have you come to a decision about the matter I spoke to you about last night?" he asked.

"Meanin' ther Yellow Dwarf minin' stock?"

"Yes."

"What did yer say yer price was?"

"Ten cents."

"When did yer see the market quotation?"

"A few days ago."

"And it war ten cents then?"

"Yes. I suppose you looked it up and found it selling at that?"

"I asked a couple of Curb brokers about it and they said it war goin' at fifteen."

"Fifteen! It must have jumped up five points. If that's the price, I can't sell it to you for ten. Seeing you were so honest as to let me know, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll sell you 5,000 shares for twelve. That's as good as making you a present of \$150. What do you say? I've got the certificates in my trunk. I'll show them to you."

Daly opened his trunk, took out several stock certificates, and handed them to Sam. So far as Sam could tell, they were genuine certificates. Apparently they had been issued to a man named John P. Dailley, which wasn't the way the new lodger signed his name, though it sounded just the same. Mr. Daly's offer to present Sam with \$150 not only missed its mark, but aroused a suspicion in the Texas boy's mind that something must be wrong with the stock to cause the new boarder to be so generous. Sam was both quick-witted and cautious. Though quick to seize a genuine opportunity, he wasn't easily fooled.

"Waal, I guess I don't want to buy ther stock," he said.

"Why, it's a fine chance for you to make money," said Daly.

"My money air mostly tied up jest now in railroad stock."

"Is that so?" said the new boarder, looking disappointed.

"That's so."

"Ain't you got a hundred or two? I'll sell you one or two thousand shares."

"I hain't got none to spar'."

"You're missing a good thing."

"That's a feller's luck sometimes."

When Daly found that Sam was unprofitable, he suddenly lost interest in the young Texan. Pleading another engagement, he left the house and Sam went to his room. Next day Sam collected what was coming to him from the little bank. His statement showed he had cleared \$900 off his short deal. That made him worth \$2,300 altogether, \$2,000 of which he had made out of the market. On the following day Sam was standing on the corner of Wall and Broad streets when an automobile shot out of Nassau street. A handsomely attired young girl, of perhaps seventeen, sat in the back seat. An old lady had started across Wall toward the Sub-Treasury building and did not see the machine. Sam uttered a yell of warning to her and was about to spring to her aid when the chauffeur saw her and turned so sharply in toward the curb that the young Texan had to jump back for his life. The hind wheel hit the corner a heavy blow and the girl, who had risen in her seat on seeing the old lady's peril, was pitched out. As she fell toward the hard sidewalk, Sam caught her in his arms and saved her from a bad fall.

The machine, after missing the old lady, went on a little way and stopped. A crowd saw Sam's feat and gathered about him and the frightened girl.

"Yer all right, miss," said the young Texan.

"Oh, dear!" she said, all of a tremble. "I might have been killed but for you. I am very grateful to you for catching me; indeed, I am."

"Yer welcome, miss."

At that juncture the chauffeur came through the crowd, looking considerably excited.

"Are you hurt, Miss Barnes?" he asked.

"No, John. This young man saved me. You must tell me your name, sir," she said, turning to Sam.

"Sam Swift, miss. I reckon yer don't need me no more, so I'll move on."

"I hope you understand that I am very grateful to you for your timely aid."

"That's all right, miss. I reckon I didn't do more than I ought to."

"My name is Dorothy Barnes. My father is a broker, with offices in the Caxton Building. I shall be glad if you will escort me there."

"Ding bust it, air Broker Barnes yer father?" said Sam, in some astonishment at the idea that he had done a service for that gentleman's daughter.

"Yes. Do you know him?" she asked eagerly.

"I seen him once in his office. I reckon I know who he air."

As Sam spoke he extricated the girl from the crowd and escorted her across the street to the Morgan bank corner.

"You must come with me to the office. My father will desire to thank you."

"Waal, I dunno as I need any more thanks. Bust my b'iler, ef yer hain't a r'al purty gal. Hain't seen nothin' to match yer since I come to ther city."

Dorothy Barnes blushed and smiled.

"Thank you," she said.

"Yer don't need to thank me for tellin' the truth."

"I'm sure you're very complimentary." Then she uttered an exclamation. "Here is my father now!"

Mr. Barnes, who was on his way to the Exchange, was not a little astonished at seeing his daughter with the young Texan.

"Why, Dorothy, how came you to make the acquaintance of Sam Swift?" he said.

"You know him, father?"

"Yes, I think I do. He's the young man I told you about who returned my pocketbook the other day," replied the broker.

"Is it possible, father! He just saved me from a terrible fall from the auto at the corner."

The incident was explained to the broker, and he at once expressed his gratitude to Sam.

"This is the second favor you've done for me, and I won't forget it, you may be sure," he said.

He told Sam he would be pleased to have him call at his home any evening he found it convenient.

"Yes, you will come, won't you?" said Dorothy.

"I reckon I couldn't refuse such an invitation, Miss Barnes."

The broker handed him his house address, told his daughter to wait for him at his office, and went on to the Exchange. Sam escorted Miss Dorothy to her father's office and remained with her till he came back, when he left and went to the little bank.

CHAPTER VII.—The Bogus Stock.

Three evenings later Sam noticed that the new boarder was missing from the table. His week was up and he had taken his departure for Philadelphia. Later on Mrs. Sparks knocked at Sam's door.

"Come in!" said the young Texan.

The landlady walked in.

"I called to see if you would do me a favor, Mr. Swift," she said.

"Yer kin count on me doin' it, ef I kin," replied Sam, springing up and inviting his visitor to be seated.

"Mr. Daly sold me 1,000 shares of mining stock for \$100. He says it's worth \$150, and showed me the price in the paper. I wish you'd take it downtown to-morrow and sell it for me," said Mrs. Sparks.

"I s'pose that's some of his Yaller Dwarf Minin' and Millin' Company shares."

"That's the name of it. Did he tell you he had it?"

"He wanted me to buy 5,000 shares of it, but I didn't keer for it."

"Ain't it good stock? The paper said it was selling for fifteen cents a share, and I only paid him ten."

"I ain't got nothin' to say ag'in ther mine, but ef ther stock is worth fifteen cents, I don't see why he should sell it to yer for ten. That's why it looks kinder 'spicious to me."

"Well, there's the certificates. You can get some broker to sell them and fetch me the money."

"All right, Mrs. Sparks, I'll sell 'em if they're all right."

"Why shouldn't they be all right?"

"Waal, when a person sells somethin' at a cheaper rate than air necessary, it kinder raises my 'spicions that thar's somethin' wrong about it."

"I hope there's nothing wrong about this stock," said the landlady, a bit uneasy. "I paid Mr. Daly \$100 for it, and that's a lot of money to me."

"I'm sorry yer didn't speak to me about it first, ma'am. It don't seem natural for anybody to sell stock worth \$150 for \$100."

The landlady began to think so, too.

"Maybe if you look the certificates over you can see whether they're all right or not," she said.

"I hain't no proper judge, ma'am. I'll have to take 'em to some Curb broker to look over. If they're good he'll sell 'em for yer. If thar's anythin' the matter with 'em, he'll tell me and I'll let yer know to-morrer night."

Mrs. Sparks retired, a little worried over the chance that she might have been imposed upon by the new boarder. Sam took the Yellow Dwarf certificates to the office of a Curb broker in Broad street and asked the trader if they were all right.

"Where did you get these certificates?" asked the broker.

"Waal, they belong to ther landlady of ther house whar I board. She bought 'em from a man who boarded for a week with her, and as I hang 'round Wall Street she asked me to fetch 'em down an' sell 'em for her," replied Sam.

"Why did you ask me whether they were all right? Have you an idea there is anything the matter with them?"

"Waal, ther man who sold them certificates to Mrs. Sparks offered to sell me 5,000 shares of ther same for ten cents a share. When I found out it war sellin' for fifteen cents, I kinder got 'spicious of his offer and didn't buy."

"You'd have lost your money if you'd bought them. These certificates are forgeries, and very bad ones at that."

"Forgeries! Then they hain't no good at all?"

"They're not worth the paper they're printed on. The lady has been swindled. She had better lose no time in having the man arrested."

"He left ther house Saturday on a business tour, so he told Mrs. Sparks."

"He has probably slipped away to Boston, or some other city, to continue his operations. He is evidently a professional beat. I'm afraid your landlady will never see her money again. You had better take these certificates to Townsend & Co. in the Mills Building. That firm acts as the transfer office for Yellow Dwarf stock. Explain the case there and the firm might take some action looking toward the capture of the man, particularly as you say he has more of these spurious certificates in his possession which, of course, he intended to dispose of," said the broker.

"I can't sw'ar he has any more, but I reckon he has, for he offered to sell me 5,000 shares, and thar's only 1,000 in this bunch."

"You call on Townsend & Co.," said the trader, turning to his desk.

"I will, sah, right away. I hope ther rascal kin be caught, for it air a shame to cheat a hard-workin' woman out of her money. Ding bust it, it wouldn't be healthy for him ef I seen him! I

reckon he'd cough up that \$100 or thar'd be somethin' doin'."

After delivering his sentiments on the subject, which he meant, Sam started for the offices of Townsend & Co. He was shown into Mr. Townsend's room and put the business up to him.

"Rank forgeries," was that gentleman's decision the moment he saw the certificates.

He had some genuine ones on his desk, and he showed one to Sam. The difference was perceptible at a glance. The honest documents were lithographed in different style, and there was no likeness between the signatures of the officers on it and those on the bogus certificate.

"Those are what are known as 'stock' certificates," Mr. Townsend said, referring to the false ones. "They are printed and kept in stock to be sold in blank, if a responsible customer wants to take a certain quantity that way. Only cheap companies use them, because they are inexpensive in comparison with certificates specially prepared to order."

"I seen some of them in ther winder of a stationer on Nassau street," said Sam. "That would not have made any diff'rence to me ef I'd wanted ter buy ther 5,000 shares that chap offered me at a bargain price."

"The rascal offered to sell you 5,000 shares, did he?" said Townsend. "He must have got hold of a bunch of these certificates. I shall certainly have to take action looking to his arrest. Is he still at your boarding place?"

"No, sah; he left on Saturday."

"I might expect to hear that. He wouldn't take the chances of remaining after selling those forgeries. I suppose you have no idea where he went?"

"No, sah."

"I shall retain these certificates and will give you a receipt for them."

"Make ther receipt out to Mrs. Sparks. They air her property."

The receipt was made out in that way, and Mr. Townsend took the landlady's name and address for future reference, pinning it to the bogus certificates.

"I'll tell Mrs. Sparks that you're goin' to try and catch ther rascal," said Sam.

"You can tell her that we shall make an effort to do so, for if he has more of these blanks in his possession he is liable to give us more trouble," said the gentleman.

Sam then took his leave and went up to the little bank. There he found Mr. Shuttleworth who had come to meet him.

"Glad to see yer, Mr. Shuttleworth," said Sam.

"I'm going home to-morrow, and I thought I'd ask you to dine with me again this evening," said the Elmira merchant.

"Waal, now, that's kind of yer, sah. I'll allow it will give me a whole lot of pleasure to accept."

"How did you come out on your Wabash stock?"

"First-rate, sah. I cleaned up a profit of \$1,500 altogether."

"Fifteen hundred! Is it possible?"

"Yes, sah. Yer see, I sold the fifty shares I had ther call on for \$600 profit. Then seein' as it war party sure to go down, for it war 'way above its r'al value, I sold 100 short, figgerin' I could buy it in within ther time limit of delivery

at a lower price. Things turned out jest right, so I made \$900 more."

"You are certainly doing remarkably well."

"Yes, I guess I am."

"What are you interested in now?"

"Nothin'. I'm jest keepin' my eyes skinned for another chance to turn up."

Mr. Shuttleworth remained with Sam some time. Finally he said he had to return to his hotel.

"Mebbe yer wouldn't mind goin' to lunch with me?" said Sam. "I've heard a lot about a high-toned eatin' house down hyar called Del's. I'd like to go in and sample thar fodder. Will yer come?"

"You mean Delmonico's downtown restaurant, I presume?"

"Waal, ther boys I know call ther place Del's, for short, I s'pose."

"I've heard it's an expensive place to eat in."

"What's ther diff'rence? When I take my friends out thar hain't nothin' too good for them. Thar's nothin' cheap about me, Mr. Shuttleworth, 'cept ther boardin'-house I stop at, which I'll allow hain't nothin' to brag about. It kinder suits me to stay thar for ther present, but I wouldn't take no friend thar to eat."

"But I don't wish to put you to any unusual expense, Swift."

"Sho, don't yer worry. When a feller has made \$900 inside of a week or two he kin afford to blow a little of it in. You've treated me white, and ding bust it, why should I not do ther same by yer?"

So Sam prevailed, and they started for Delmonico's. The dining room was fairly full of brokers when they entered and were shown to a table. While they were finishing their lunch Broker Barnes came in, and one of his friends called his attention to the table where Sam sat. He walked right over and shook hands with the young Texan. Sam introduced him to Shuttleworth, and the broker sat down with them for a few minutes. Finally Sam and his guest finished their lunch and took their leave. They parted at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, Sam promising to be at the Astor House at half-past six.

CHAPTER VIII.—Sam Gets a Gilt-Edged Tip.

Soon after the Exchange closed Sam went uptown to his boarding house and changed his suit to his Sunday rig and derby hat. Then he hunted up the landlady and imparted to her the bad news about her Yellow Dwarf mining shares, handing her the receipt of Townsend & Co. She nearly had a fit. Then Sam left her muttering vengeance on Dalv and took a downtown car. As it was still early, he got off at 14th street and sat down a while in Union Square.

He reached the Astor House on time, and he and Shuttleworth went in to dinner. The salesman of one of the houses Shuttleworth had done business with joined them, and Sam made his acquaintance. After the meal the young man, whose name was White, asked the merchant if he would like to see the inside of a private gambling house as a wind-up to his stay in the city.

"I think I would, if you can take my young friend, too," replied Shuttleworth.

"He can go along," said White. "Anybody I vouch for will be admitted with me."

He proposed treating to the theater first, so the three took a car for 42d street, and took in the show at the New Amsterdam theater. They got out about eleven, and then White took Sam and Shuttleworth to a Sixth avenue high-class restaurant where they had supper. It was midnight when they took their way to the gaming establishment, which flourished, presumed, without the knowledge of the police.

White worked the "Open Sesame" method and they got past the portal. It was a tall, private house, in the middle of a row of similar structures, and was furnished and decorated in a sumptuous manner, showing that it catered to swell patrons. The main gaming room was on the second floor, the rooms having been altered so as to throw all into one by means of arches. Then they went upstairs and found quite a crowd of men in evening dress, playing the games, or watching others doing it. Everything was supposed to be on the square—no concealed mechanism attached to the roulette wheel to control the action of the ball, nor crooked dealing boxes operated by the dealer in the faro game.

Sam was intensely interested in everything he saw, and was so taken with the roulette wheel that he was almost tempted to try his luck. They walked around, taking a look in at each game. Sam recognized several brokers in the crowd, and many very young fellows, sons of wealthy men, who appeared to have money to burn. Finally they fetched up at the buffet, where Sam got a chicken sandwich and an oyster patty, and drank a lemon soda. He got tired tagging after his conductor, and wandered around on his own hook. Several gentlemen went upstairs, and Sam thought White and Shuttleworth were with them, and he followed. When he reached the corridor the men had gone into one of the private rooms.

"Gosh hang it, whar did they go?" he asked himself.

A waiter came by.

"Say, pard, five gentlemen came up hyar jest now; do yer know whar they went?"

The waiter waved his hand toward a door and passed on. Sam walked toward the door he thought the waiter pointed to, opened it, but saw nobody in the room, which was furnished with a card table and several leather-covered chairs.

"I reckon that chap-made a mistake. Thar hain't nobody here. I guess I'll sit down, anyway, for I feel kinder tired," said Sam.

He left the door partly open so he could catch sight of White and Shuttleworth when they reappeared. While he sat there two men came out of the next room and stood for a few minutes in the corridor.

"We're bound to make a raft of money out of this deal," said one. "G. & W. is down to bed rock now and the syndicate has a barrel of cash to boom it as soon as the shares are cornered."

"When do we start in buying?"

"Right away. We'll have the bulk of the stock in our hands inside of ten days. Then G. & W. will begin to attract attention. I count on a twenty-point rise before we start to cash in. That will put a hundred thousand in both our pockets."

The men walked away, leaving Sam in posses-

sion of a fine tip, which he didn't let get by him.

"Ding bust it, but I'm in luck. A syndicate air goin' to corner and boom G. & W. Waal, yer kin bet yer socks I'll be inter that on ther ground floor. I kin buy 200 shares easy enough, and ef it goes up twenty p'int's I'll clear \$4,000 at one whack. I reckon that'll be goin' some. Gosh hang it, ef I don't open dad's eyes yet, it'll be 'cause I'm hit by some Wall Street cyclone when I ain't a-lookin'. I wonder what time it air? Must be two o'clock. I wish them chaps'd show up."

Sam sat back in the chair, with his hands behind his head, and yawned. The next thing he knew somebody was shaking him by the arm.

"Wake up, Swift," said White. "How came you up here?"

Sam rubbed his eyes.

"I hain't been asleep. I was just waitin' for you two to come out'r ther room yer went in with ther three gentlemen," said Sam.

"What are you talking about? We haven't been in any of these rooms. What made you think we were?"

Sam explained.

"You made a mistake," said White. "We didn't come up here. We've been looking for you everywhere. Come along. It's half-past two and Mr. Shuttleworth wants to get back to his hotel."

Sam was glad to leave the gambling house, and after the merchant was put aboard of a Broadway car he parted from White and went home. Next morning the fact developed at the breakfast table that one of the lady boarders had also parted with \$100 to Daly and acquired 1,000 shares of the spurious Yellow Dwarf mining stock. It came out when Mrs. Sparks told about her own loss and denounced her late boarder in round terms. Sam suggested to the lady that she report the facts to Townsend & Co. He gave her the firm's address and then started downtown.

As soon as he reached the little bank he put in his order for 100 shares of G. & W., at the market price of 92. Then he went up to the Astor House to bid Mr. Shuttleworth good-by.

"If you should make up your mind to take a trip to Elmira some time, write me, and I'll meet you at the station and take you to my house, where I can assure you of a hearty welcome," said Shuttleworth.

"Thank yer, Mr. Shuttleworth. Ef I should figger on goin' up thar I'll send yer word," replied Sam.

Then they shook hands and parted. Sam returned to the little bank and remained there till he went to lunch. On his way back he met Mr. Barnes, and that gentleman asked him when he was going to call at his house.

"Ef you'll fix a date, I'll be thar, sah," replied Sam.

"How will to-morrow evening suit you?" said the broker.

"It'll suit me all right," said Sam, so it was arranged he was to call the next evening.

Mr. Barnes lived on Madison avenue, and Sam presented himself there dressed in his Sunday clothes, with a new tie he bought at the store where the boarding house clerk worked. A neat-looking maid answered his ring.

"Mr. Barnes at home?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Waal, tell him Mr. Swift air arrived."

"Walk in, please."

The maid had received her orders beforehand, and she conducted Sam upstairs to the private sitting room. The broker came forward to meet him and gave him a hearty welcome. Presently Mrs. Barnes came into the room and Sam was presented to her. Then Dorothy made her appearance, arrayed in a fetching gown, and Sam thought her twice as pretty as before. The young lady laid herself out to entertain him and had no difficulty in doing it, for Sam was not hard to please. Indeed, she found him most entertaining himself. His Southern drawl amused her, and his many references to Ike made her laugh heartily. Sam enjoyed himself hugely, and behaved himself as well as it was possible for a lad of his free-and-easy tendencies to do.

Sam remained until half-past ten, when he took his leave after receiving an invitation to repeat his visit at an early day. He went away more than ever impressed by Dorothy's many charms, but he could not help realizing that he was not in her class, and for the first time in his life he began to wish that he had been brought up more like a young gentleman.

"Ding bust it, I don't see why that gal could waste her time entertainin' such a chap as me," he muttered, as he walked along. "She's a regular angel, while I'm nothin' but a rough ranch chap. I dunno as I ever keered afore whether school kept or not, but now it's diff'rent, and that gal is ther cause. Gosh hang it, I'm ashamed of myself, and I feel like jumpin' into ther river."

CHAPTER IX.—Sam and the Tippy Brokers.

Sam was on his way to lunch next day when he received a slap on the back that brought him up all standing. Two brokers, named Webster and Penley, who had imbibed too many mint juleps that day, confronted him.

"Hello, Texas!" cried Webster. "Glad to see you, young fellersh. Come and have a mint julep on me!" grabbing Sam by the arm.

"Don't pay any 'tention to him," said Penley. "Your name's Swift—Sam Swift. Mine's Penley. Shake, and have one on me."

The speaker grabbed Sam by the other arm.

"Hold on thar!" protested Sam, as they started to drag him into the entrance of the Empire Cafe. "Quit yer foolin'."

"You know my friend Barnes? Fine fellow, Barnes. He says you're the real stuff, Texas. What he says goes with me every time. Let's liquor."

"Shay, don't mind him, Swift. Have a high-ball on me," said Penley.

"Ding bust it, cut this hyar business out, will yer? I'm not goin' into that saloon. I'm goin' to lunch."

"Whazzat? Lunch! Sure shing. Get all lunch you want in cafe. What you need first is a mint julep. That'll brace you up, and you can eat ev'rything on table. Take it from me, there's noshing like a mint julep. Ev'rybody drinks a mint julep. Had twelve myshelf since mornin'," said Webster.

"Shay, Webster, leave my friend Swift alone. It's my treat, understand? I don't allow nobody to——"

Here Sam's patience gave out. He shook himself free and walked rapidly away, leaving the two brokers staring after him with a fishy gaze. Sam was disgusted with the actions of the two brokers. That afternoon, while passing under the elevated structure, Sam got a big spot of dirty oil grease on his slouch hat, and he had to put on his derby and take the other to a cleaner's on Sixth avenue. On the following morning he appeared in Wall Street with the derby on, and his friends didn't recognize him at first.

"Where did yer get the derby, Sam?" asked the bootblack, who enjoyed the monopoly of polishing the Texan's shoes every morning. "Take it from me, it looks rotten on yer. Why don't yer get a sombrero for a change?"

"I'd look fine in a sombrero," replied Sam. "I'd have everybody lookin' at me."

"Yer'll have everybody pipin' that derby off. What are yer tryin' to do—make a dood of yerself?"

"I reckon it hain't nobody's business ef I do make a dood of myself," retorted Sam, a bit nettled.

"Oh, I don't care, mister. I thought I'd tip yer off, that's all. Ef yer don't mind bein' guyed by yer friends, wear it. It ain't nothin' to me," said the boy, tapping Sam's shoe as a sign he had finished his job.

"I reckon this hyar air a free country and a feller kin wear what he wants to," said Sam, tossing him a nickel.

The derby altered Sam considerably, and many of his friends passed him without the usual notice. His cowboy hat was a sort of trade-mark that identified him, and those who knew Sam always picked him out by it. He walked along with the same swagger, but it was not nearly so characteristic with the absence of the soft hat. Instead of attracting a lot of unpleasant attention, as he expected, he passed on his way practically unnoticed. His cowboy hat was so well known at the little bank that everybody knew when he appeared there, and he received nods from acquaintances he had made from time to time. On this occasion he passed through the crowd to a front seat, entirely unnoticed. It was rather a new sensation to Sam to find himself in the background, as it were. He had grown accustomed to being made something of.

So instead of receiving sarcastic grins and hearing funny allusions to his derby, he found things quite the reverse. He sat down next a man he knew pretty well, and that party never looked at him.

"Hello, pard! Hain't yer got nothin' to say this mornin'?" he said.

The man recognized his familiar voice and looked quickly around. He stared at Sam.

"Why, hello! So it's you. I don't know you in that hat."

"Don't I look good in it?" asked Sam.

"You look good enough in it, but it makes a lot of difference in you. It does away with a sort of distinctive personality that you always had. To tell you the honest truth, I think your soft hat becomes you better," replied the man.

"Waal, yer see. I got a big grease spot on my

old hat and I left it at a place on Sixth avenue whar they clean hats, that's why I'm wearin' this hyar derby."

"Oh, I see!" nodded the man. "Stocks are beginning to pick up this morning. Looks as if the market would be bullish again."

"I reckon. Are yer in on anythin'?"

"No. I'd like to strike a winner, for my rent will be due in a week or so and I'll have to cut into my working capital to pay it."

"Waal, I kin tip yer off to a good thing. I reckon it's a sure winner."

"What is it?"

"G. & W."

"What makes you think it's a winner?"

"I heard it was goin' to be boomed by a syndicate."

"That isn't any evidence. One hears all kinds of rumors about Wall Street. I have found that most of them don't amount to anything."

"Waal, this one air all right."

"Have you bought any of it yourself?"

"I reckon. I've gone ther whole hog—200 shares. Thar's my memorandum to prove it. Yer kin do as yer please about buyin' it, but I thought I'd tell yer, seein' as yer lookin' for somethin' to make money out'r."

"If I was sure I could make something, I'd buy it."

"Waal, it's sure as anythin' kin be in Wall Street. Ef I had a million, I'd buy all I could get of ther stock."

"Who posted you about it?"

"A man who's right in with ther push that has it in tow."

"So you've bought 200 shares on margin. That calls for a deposit of \$2,000. I didn't know you were worth so much money."

"Two thousand hain't much."

"Not for our financiers, but it's more than the average speculator in this room owns. If I were worth \$2,000, I'd feel pretty good."

"Get in on G. & W., and mebbe yer will be ten days from now."

The man, whose name was Wilson, was somewhat impressed by Sam's confident manner, and he finally decided to buy fifty shares, which would take all his capital. He went off and made the deal, and another visitor took his seat. There was no appreciable movement in G. & W. that afternoon, and it closed at the same price it had opened at. At half-past three Sam called at the building where his friend Will worked. Will was out on an errand at the time and Sam went out in the corridor to meet him when he came back. It happened that Broker Webster's office was on that floor, near the elevator. That gentleman came up the elevator with Penley about that time.

Both were loaded again, and were in their usual frolicsome mood. Webster recognized Sam in spite of his derby and gear. He uttered a sort of whoop and called Penley's attention to the boy.

"Here's Tex. He's got a new hat on. Come, let's make him wet it."

Penley fell in with the idea, and they both reached for the young Texan. Their intention was to carry him down stairs and make him treat. But they got the elevator mixed up with the door of Webster's office. The boy, recognizing the men, tried to avoid them. He wasn't quick enough. The two brokers grabbed Sam and tried

to force him into their office. The boy struggled to escape. At that moment the elevator stopped at the floor and Will got out.

"Here, what are you doing?" he cried, springing forward.

He did not recognize Sam, whose back was toward him, on account of the absence of the cowboy hat, for he had never seen Sam in any other kind of head covering. He thought the men were trying to put it over some boy for some reason, and he proposed to see fair play. Webster and Penley merely looked at Will and then ignored his interference. Sam recognized Will's voice and, exerting all his strength, he shook the brokers off and turned around. Will knew him the moment he saw his face.

"Why, is that you?" he cried, in surprise. "What are they doin' to you?"

"They're drunk and want to force me to stand treat," replied Sam.

Webster made another grab at Sam.

"Come on, Texas, you can't give us the slip. You've got to wet the hat."

Sam side-stepped, and Webster went by him, lost his balance, and would have shot headforemost down the stone stairs had not Sam seized him by the tail of his coat and saved him just in the nick of time. He went down in a heap, however, and the shock sent the fumes of a considerable number of mint juleps to his head and he lost consciousness.

"Pick up his hat, Will," said Sam. "We'll have to get him into his office."

Penley stared stupidly at the scene. The two boys picked up the broker and carried him into his office, where his condition attracted some attention, though his clerks were accustomed to seeing him in a more or less intoxicated state. Penley followed behind, looking like the last rose of summer when it sees its finish. Webster was placed on the lounge in his private room and the boys left him in charge of his cashier.

CHAPTER X.—A Chase and a Discovery.

"I didn't know you in that derby hat till you turned around," said Will.

"Waal, don't it look well on me?" asked Sam.

"First rate. You don't look like a cowboy any more. Still, I like you better in the soft hat. You seem more like your real self in it."

"I s'pose so, but I dunno but it would improve me ef I could get rid of my Texas style," said Sam, thinking of Dorothy Barnes.

"I won't say it wouldn't. Still, you're such a good fellow that your Texas ways strike me as all right."

They entered Will's office and that lad reported his return to the cashier.

"Sit down, Sam. I'll be off in a little while," he said.

"How do you like bein' a messenger?" Sam asked his friend.

"Well enough, but I hope to be promoted shortly to the counting room."

"Then yer'll be a full-fledged clerk."

"Yes. That's much superior to a messenger, and you get better wages."

"Yer stay in ther office all ther time, then?"

"Yes. A clerk is chained to his desk more or less, and he works regular hours, and goes to lunch regularly, which a messenger can't do."

"I reckon," nodded Sam. "What are yer goin' ter do on Decoration Day? I'd like to go somewhere with yer."

"I haven't made any plans yet. We could go to a ball game or to Coney Island, or somewhere else."

"I dunno as I care for baseball. I've played ther game with Ike and ther boys on ther ranch. Ike was some pitcher, but ef yer called balls on him he was apt to get ruffled. Ther boys always took keer to get his guns away from him afore they'd start a game, 'cause when he got excited thar was no countin' on what he might do."

"Say, judging from your description of Ike, and all I've heard you say about him, he must own a private graveyard," laughed Will.

"No, he don't own no graveyard. I dunno anybody he's killed, though he's hurt a number of persons. Yer see, dad keeps a sharp eye out on him. Ike air a valerable 'tachment to ther ranch and dad don't want to lose him. He air a born rustler, an' air worth any two of ther other boys 'tendin' to ther cattle. Dad says he hain't a bad sort of chap, but air peculiar. Anybody who understands him kin get along with him first-rate. Nothin' pleases him better than to get arter a tenderfoot and scare him out'r his socks. He kin shoot quicker'n lightnin' and as true as a die. He's shot a cigarette out'r my mouth at ten paces, four times out'r six trials."

"With a revolver?"

"Yes."

"I shouldn't think you'd care to risk it."

"Oh, I didn't mind it a bit. All I had to do was to stand quiet and I was perfectly safe."

"Come on, let's go," said Will, and they left the office together.

Next day was Saturday, and Sam spent two hours during the morning at the little bank. He had resumed his soft hat and felt more at home in it. G. & W. went up half a point, closing at 92 1-2 at noon. He met Will at half-past twelve and they went to lunch. The chief topic discussed in Wall Street that morning was a robbery which had been committed in the entrance of a trust company on Broadway the afternoon before. Two men, aided by the driver of a taxicab, had pulled off the crime. The police had discovered the identity of the taxicab chauffeur. He was one of the extras, not steadily employed by the company owning the cab.

The man, two hours after the crime, had brought his machine to his stand on 42d street and had then disappeared. The thieves had got away with a tin box containing \$20,000 worth of Government coupon bonds and \$10,000 in money. It had been a daring robbery, executed in broad daylight on a crowded part of lower Broadway, and the morning papers were full of it. Of course, Sam and Will talked about it and figured how soon the men would be captured. In their opinion the rascals had skipped the city and were some distance away by that time. The trust company had already offered a reward of \$2,000 for information leading to their capture and the recovery of the stolen tin box and its contents.

"Some lucky detective will earn that, probably," said Will.

"I reckon that depends on how slick ther chaps are," said Sam.

After lunch the boys walked down to South street and strolled along the piers. Their way took them toward the Brooklyn Bridge. They were standing in front of the window of a ship chandlery store when a fairly well-dressed man rushed out, followed by a white-haired old clerk, shouting:

"Stop, thief!"

Those were magic words for Sam, particularly since his exploit with the dapper young man in New street. He uttered a whoop and started after the man at full speed, leaving Will behind before that lad woke up to what was on the tapis. Both Sam and the man distanced the white-haired clerk in no time. The chase attracted some attention, but the man turned out of South street at the first corner and ran up the side street.

"Hi, hi! Stop that man!" shouted Sam.

Nobody attempted to do so, however, from a natural disinclination to butt in where the merits of the case were unknown to them. So the chase continued, around into Water street and then up another side thoroughfare, until the man suddenly darted into one of the tall tenements on the block. Sam was close behind the fellow and was on the first flight before the man reached the top. The young Texan gained a bit on him by the time the second landing was reached, but lost his advantage by butting into a stout Irish woman who came out of her rooms.

When he resumed the chase the man was one flight ahead of him. In this manner the man reached the top of the house and disappeared. Sam heard a door bang, and when he struck the top landing his quarry was not in sight.

"Now, into which room has ther critter gone?" he asked himself. "I reckon he's locked himself in so I won't be able to reach him, anyway."

Under the circumstances, Sam thought the best way would be to hide up there and wait for the man to show himself. He saw a ladder at the rear of the gloomy landing. It led to the roof. The young Texan went and seated himself on it, confident that it would require a sharp pair of eyes to distinguish him there. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed and nothing happened.

"I reckon Will air wonderin' whar I've got to," he said. "I guess I've seen the last of him until we meet again next week."

At that juncture a door opened close by and three men came out.

"Buy enough provisions to last us a while," said one of them. "We've got to lie pretty low for a month, till the scent grows a bit cold. Last night's paper said there was a bunch of detectives on the job, and we've got to be mighty leary. Once we get on that island, we'll be safe enough. None of the cops will think of looking for us there."

"I hope not, but remember the company has offered a reward of \$2,000 for our capture, and that's a big inducement to the sleuths," said the man with the hat on.

Sam's heart gave an excited jump, for the few words he had so far overheard convinced him that these three men were the crooks who had pulled off the Broadway robbery of the afternoon before.

"Get an afternoon paper while you're out, so we can see if the police have any clue they are working on," said the third man.

"I will. I'll see to it that we have plenty to eat, Macy, don't you worry."

"You are sure the captain and his son, who's agreed to take us to the island, can be depended on not to peach after he's left us at the place?" said Macy. "They might be tempted by the reward, for two thousand bones ain't to be sneezed at."

"It wouldn't be well for them to go back on us," said the other. "They'd fall into the river some dark night and fetch up at the morgue."

"Yes, I guess our friends would fix them. Anyway, the skipper is to get \$500 for helping us out of the city. He ought to be satisfied with that."

"Oh, there's no fear of him rounding on us. Self-interest will make him stand by us. Get in now and keep close. I'm off."

At that moment Sam's foot slipped on the ladder.

"Hello! What's that?" cried the last speaker.

He pulled out a match and flashed it in the direction of the sound. Sam's crouching form was fully revealed to the three men.

"By the great Harry, it's a cop in disguise! We must down him or the game will be up."

"Hold on thar, I hain't no cop!" said Sam, coming from the ladder.

"Who are you, then?" demanded Macy, gripping him by the arm.

"Can't yer see I'm a boy?"

"What are you doing up here hiding behind that ladder?"

"I war jest restin' myself."

"You overheard all we've been sayin', anyway, so we can't let you get away."

"How d'ye know I've heard anythin'?"

The men made no reply, but precipitated themselves on the young Texan, bearing him to the ground.

CHAPTER XI.—Sam's Strenuous Adventure.

Sam put up a big fight, and made things interesting for the three men for a few minutes, then he received a clip on the head, and after that he lay at their mercy. They dragged him into the room they had come out of, locked the door, and held a consultation.

"This is a bad piece of business," said Macy. "This boy has heard enough to queer our plans if he gets a chance to do it. It strikes me he's a detective's helper out on the case. He's only pretending to be a Westerner."

"There's only one thing to be done," said the leader of the party, the man who had his hat on and whose name was Martin, "we got to take him away with us. That's the only way to sew his mouth up short of putting him out of the way, and I'm not in favor of murder."

They argued the matter for a little while, and it was decided as Martin said—the boy must be taken to the island. The island they had fixed upon for their hiding place was a small one in Long Island Sound, about two miles off the Connecticut shore, and not very far east of the New York State line. Martin knew this island well, having been there on more than one occasion.

Sam was tied to the bed in the next room, and

then Martin went out on the business he had in hand. When Sam recovered his senses, he found himself in the dark. At first he wondered where he was, but soon recollected what had happened to him. Then he found that he was tied to a bed. He had little doubt that he was in one of the rooms on the top floor of the tenement.

Through the long crack in the door jamb he saw a light from the next room. He heard men talking in there. He believed they were the fellows who knocked him out. What were they going to do with him, that was the question that interested him at that moment. Did they intend to leave him tied up there when they left for the island? The rattle of dishes showed that the three crooks were eating their supper. Presently the door was pushed open and one of the men entered the room with a lamp. Sam shut his eyes and remained perfectly inert, even when the man shook him and held the light down to his face.

"Has he come around yet?" asked a voice from the doorway.

"No. He's been this way for three hours now," replied the voice of Macy. "You must have fetched him a good clip, Benson."

"I guess I did. Do you think I hurt his skull?"

"I couldn't tell you. If you broke his head he's likely to die, and if we're caught, it will go extra hard with us."

"Is he breathing heavily?"

"No. Just natural."

"Then he'll come out all right. We know he isn't disguised as a Westerner, but he evidently had some reason for coming up in this building and hiding behind the ladder. He is probably working for the police, either looking for us or somebody else. I see no reason why we should be suspected of hiding in this tenement. The paper says the police believe we've left town. Gone to Philadelphia or Boston to try and work off the bonds."

"That might have been printed only as a blind," said Benson. "That's what Martin thinks, and he's pretty level-headed."

Macy left the room with the lamp, closed the door, and Sam was once more left in the dark.

"Ding bust it, I wonder ef I can't get out of this hyar scrape somehow?" he said, exerting his strong muscles on his bonds.

He twisted and pulled, and soon felt the cord giving under the strain. Encouraged at that, he persevered and finally got one arm free. But little more effort was required to relieve himself of the rest of the rope, and he found himself at liberty.

"I reckon thar'll be somethin' doin' when those chaps find me free and start in to do me up again. They won't find me such an easy mark as before."

He peered through the keyhole and saw two men at the table in the next room. These were Macy and Benson, the chauffeur of the taxicab. They were smoking and talking. Martin, the leader, had gone out, and they were killing time till he came back. Sam listened to their talk, but it had no reference to their plans. Benson was relating sundry incidents that had happened to him while in the service of the taxicab company. Sam pulled a match out of his vest pocket, struck it and looked around the room.

It was a dirty, poorly furnished room, as might

be expected in the kind of tenement building it was a part of. On a chair, partly covered with a jacket, stood a tin box. Sam exposed it more fully to his view and found it was just such a box as securities, and sometimes money, are kept in in the financial district. The papers had said that the crooks had stolen a tin box containing both money and Government bonds, so there was no doubt in the young Texan's mind that this was the box. He lifted it and found it had something in it. As it showed no signs of having been tampered with, Sam guessed that it still held the stolen property.

"It's a wonder they haven't busted it open, seein' as they've had possession of it for twenty-four hours. I reckon they're waitin' till they get to ther island. They know by ther newspaper accounts jest what air in ther box, so they're in no rush to get at thar booty. Ef I kin steal a march on them and get away with ther box, I'll get a whole lot of credit from ther trust company, and I guess I'll be entitled to that \$2,000 reward. Gosh hang it, that would be pilin' up ther dust. I could buy some more of that G. & W. and double my profits. I'm goin' to do it, or bust a button!" said Sam determinedly.

There was a window to the room, and Sam cautiously raised it and looked out. To his intense satisfaction he found that it opened on a fire escape in the rear of the building. Attaching a part of the line with which he had been bound to the handle of the box, in the form of a loop, he slung the box over his shoulder, got out of the window and began his descent.

He soon reached the platform outside the window on the floor below, and then kept on down. In this way he arrived at the last iron platform attached to the rear of the second story. Here he had to get over the railing, lower himself as far as he could reach, and then drop into the yard, but that was no great feat to a lad of Sam's physique. An open door communicated with the filthy hallway leading to the open street door, and Sam soon was out on the sidewalk.

Getting his bearings, which the glittering line of lights on the near-by Brooklyn Bridge enabled him to do, he started up the street, which was crowded with men, hanging around the doors of the other tenements and the cheap saloons and stores of the neighborhood. Sam was in high feather over his success and the prospect of receiving the reward. He had taken the number of the tenement from which he had escaped, and stopping at the first drug store he came to, he called up Police Headquarters and told the officer at the other end of the wire where the thieves who had stolen the trust company's box of money and bonds could be found if the police were spry enough to reach the building in time.

"Who are you that is giving this information?"

"Waal, my name is Sam Swift, and I'm from Texas."

Sam didn't want to say anything more about himself, so he hung up the receiver just as the officer started to ask him his address. He hurried on to the entrance of the bridge, crossed City Hall Park to Chambers street and walked down that thoroughfare to the Sixth avenue station. Inside of thirty minutes he got off the train at 42d street and Sixth avenue. As he was feeling pretty hungry by that time, he entered the first

restaurant he came to and ate a hearty meal. It was going on to ten o'clock when he reached his boarding house. He went straight to his room and locked the tin box up in his trunk.

"Waal, I reckon I hain't done a bad night's work," he said to himself, as he proceeded to get into bed, for Sam was not a night hawk by any means. "I guess I've earned them \$2,000, for I've an idea the trust company wouldn't have seen thar money nor bonds ag'in ef I hadn't recovered them. I've given the information whar them crooks war at last accounts, and ther police ought to have 'em by this time ef they're halfway smart. It hain't my fault ef they don't catch 'em. I s'pose ther police'll raise a howl because I didn't turn ther box over to them, but I'm goin' to take it to the trust company, for that's whar it belongs, and thar won't be no question 'bout who's got ther best right to ther reward."

Being fully satisfied with his own course of action, Sam rolled under the bedclothes and went to sleep.

CHAPTER XII.—Sam Collects the Reward.

Next morning's papers contained a story which stated that the police had received a clue to the whereabouts of the trust company thieves over the telephone about half-past eight. Their informant had given his name as Sam Swift of Texas, and had run off before any further information could be got from him. A couple of detectives were at once sent to the tenement and found the apartments in the rear of the top floor dark and apparently unoccupied. They forced the door and found evidences of occupancy, but the persons they sought were not there. An investigation developed the fact that the two rooms were rented by a longshoreman named Murphy, who had gone away with his wife the day before to visit some relatives. A man, who represented himself as Murphy's brother-in-law, had called and taken charge of the rooms, pending Murphy's return.

It was known that he had a couple of men visitors Friday night and all day Saturday, and he was seen to go out himself on two occasions. The police believed that Murphy's alleged brother-in-law and the two men were the trust company crooks. They also suspected that Murphy had been paid to go away for a few days in order to let the thieves have a hiding place. They were now trying to locate Murphy, and also the mysterious party who had tipped them off by telephone. They had got the latter's description from the drug store clerk, with the statement that he was a boy of about eighteen years of age. The policeman who talked with him over the wire had noticed a strong Western flavor in his tones, which bore out his statement that he hailed from the Southwest. Sam read the foregoing article and grinned.

"So ther police air lookin' for me. Waal, let 'em look. I gave them ther straight tip, and ef it didn't do 'em any good, I can't help it."

Some of the boarders also saw the story in the paper, recognized Sam's name, and the statement that the boy who telephoned the information to the police was a Texan, and were not a little astonished. He heard from them at dinner time about it, and a hain't immediately expressed a curiosity to learn the facts. Sam told them all

about his adventure in the tenement, but said nothing about the tin box and its contents. The Barnes family read the newspaper article and were duly surprised when they saw Sam's name in connection with it. A number of brokers to whom Sam's personality was somewhat familiar, also recognized the young Texan's hand in the published account. Nobody, however, took the trouble to communicate any pointer to the police that would have led them to find him that day. On the following morning Sam started downtown with the tin box wrapped up in paper. About eleven o'clock he called at the offices of the trust company and asked to see the president on important business. He was admitted to that official's private room.

"How d'ye do, sah! I have come to claim that thar reward yer offered for the recovery of ther tin box and its contents which was stolen from yer messenger on Friday afternoon," said Sam, losing no time in getting down to business.

"Indeed!" said the president, with a look of interest.

"Yes, sah. Here air ther box, which I reckon air jest as it war stolen, for it don't look to me as ef it has been touched. If it hain't all right, 'tain't my fault. I've done my best to save yer property."

Sam took the box out of its wrapper and laid it on the president's desk.

"How did you get hold of it?" asked that gentleman, eyeing Sam curiously.

"I'll tell yer all about it ef you're ready to hear it."

"I am ready to listen to you."

Sam at once told him how he and his friend Will Walker, while proceeding up South street on Saturday afternoon, were attracted by the man running out of the ship chandlery shop, followed by a white-haired clerk shouting, "Stop, thief!" He told how he chased the man, under the impression he had stolen something from the store, through several streets and into the tenement on — street, where he lost him on the top floor.

Believing the man would come out of the room he had gone into when he thought the coast was clear, Sam said he hid himself behind the roof ladder to watch for him. Then he related the appearance of the three men, whose conversation proved they were the chaps who stole the trust company's box, and described what followed, up to the time of his escape with the box, and how he had notified the police on his way home.

"Now, sah, ef yer'll open ther box and see ef everythin' air all right, I'll go, and when yer decide I've won that thar reward fairly yer kin send it to me, care of my friend, Broker William Barnes, Caxton Buildin', Wall Street."

"You are acquainted in Wall Street, then?"

"I reckon I am. Mr. Barnes told me that half ther brokers are anxious to make my acquaintance."

"You must be a young man of some importance," smiled the president.

"I dunno as I am, but ther brokers seem to have taken a shine to me. I hain't made no bid for thar 'tention, but I reckon Mr. Barnes has told 'em I saved a pocketbook of his that was stolen from him by a crook, and as it had \$1,200 in it I reckon they think a boy who wouldn't

freeze on to that amount of money when he had ther chance air somethin' out of ther ordinary," said Sam. "I don't take no credit for that. Thar might have been \$12,000 instead of \$1,200 in that thar pocketbook for all ther diff'rence it'd made to me. I warn't raised to make free with other folks' property. I kin make all ther money I want myself right in Wall Street, and I don't ask odds of nobody."

The president was not a little impressed with Sam's unique personality.

"Let me see. Your name is——"

"Sam Swift. Ther boys that I know 'round Wall Street call me Sam, the Speculator, which air 'bout right."

"From which I infer you speculate on the stock market?"

"That's cor-rect."

"You're from the West, I should judge?"

"Yes, sah, I'm from Texas."

"Are you alone in the world?"

"No, sah. My dad is a rancher and cattle raiser, and when I'm home I live on ther ranch and help thar boys 'tend ther cattle."

The president was surprised, for a ranch owner and cattle raiser implied wealth.

"How long have you been in New York?"

"Between four and five months."

"Have you been speculating long?"

"Ever since I came hyar."

"And how have you come out?"

"I've cl'ared \$2,000 so far, and I stand to double that by a deal I'm in now."

"You are fortunate. Most Wall Street speculators lose. I regard it as a very precarious way to make money."

"I reckon; but I guess I've been lucky."

"I'll examine the contents of the box. From its feel there is evidently something in it, which I trust is our stolen property. It seems strange, though, that the thieves should not have broken it open. They had it long enough in their possession to do what they pleased with it," said the president, pushing a button in his desk.

A bright little boy answered the summons, and the president told him to send the cashier in with the key of the stolen box. The cashier presently appeared.

"Our box has been recovered. Please open it and see if the contents are intact," said the president.

The cashier did so. He removed first several bundles of money, secured by a pinned slip on which the amount was noted.

"The money is all right," he said, as he reached for the bonds.

"Then we may assume the bonds are there, too," said the president.

This proved to be the case.

"This young man recovered it in a most unusual way, without any assistance from the police. He is entitled to receive the reward we offered. Draw up the company's check for \$2,000 payable to the order of Samuel Swift, and after you get the treasurer's signature, bring it to me," said the president.

The cashier nodded and withdrew. While awaiting his return, the president questioned Sam more closely about his family and his career in New York, and Sam gave him perfectly frank replies. On the whole, he was pleased and somewhat in-

terested in the young Texan, whose characteristics were considerably different from Eastern city-bred lads. When the check was brought to him he signed it and handed it to Sam.

"I present you this in the company's name, and thank you for the service you have rendered us," he said. "I doubt if the police would have been as successful. At any rate, they couldn't have done any better, except to capture the thieves themselves—a feat not expected of you."

Sam thanked the president wished him good day, and took his leave, feeling in mighty good spirits at having practically doubled his small capital.

CHAPTER XIII.—Sam Wins Newspaper Fame.

Sam returned to the little bank, ordered the purchase of 200 more shares of G. & W. for his account, and turned in the trust company's check, which he indorsed, as deposit on the transaction. He had to pay a dollar a share more for the stock, but he didn't mind that, for he was confident it was a winner.

"I ought to make a profit of \$6,000 or \$7,000 on this hyar deal," he told himself. "When a feller has capital he kin cut a melon once in a while. Hang it, I'll open dad's eyes afore I get back to ther ranch. He wouldn't give me but \$100, 'cause he know'd I'd lose it jest as soon as I poked my nose into Wall Street. Haw! haw! Looks that way now, don't it? Ding bust it. I might make money enough hyar to buy a half interest in ther ranch from dad. I reckon he'd think I warn't so slow."

Wilson came along and sat down alongside of Sam.

"G. & W. has gone up a point," he said.

"A p'int hain't nothin'. Wait till it gets busy."

"I shall be glad to see it get busy."

"I've just bought 200 more shares of it."

"You have!" exclaimed Wilson. "I thought you said you had all your money up on the other 200?"

"So I had; but I jest come into \$2,000 more."

"How? Closed out another deal you had at a profit?"

"No. I captured a reward. You read about ther Trust Company gettin' robbed last Friday, didn't yer?"

"Yes."

"The company offered \$2,000 to any one givin' information leadin' to ther capture of ther thieves and the recovery of ther money and bonds."

"Well?"

"I recovered ther money and bonds, and gave ther police ther tip whar they could catch the crooks, but they didn't catch them."

"You did!" exclaimed Wilson, much astonished.

"Yes, sah, I did."

"How did you do it?"

Sam gave him all the facts.

"Hang me if you aren't a lucky boy! That was easy money. Just like finding it. Nothing like that ever happens to me."

"Well, you foller my lead in ther market and maybe yer'll make money."

That day G. & W. closed at 93 1-2. The afternoon papers had a full account of the recovery of the Trust Company's stolen money and bonds by Sam Swift. Several reporters had tried to find

Sam to get his own story of the matter, but had not been successful in locating him. They got the facts, however, from the president of the Trust Company. It is safe to say that the detectives out on the case were greatly chagrined when they learned that the stolen box and its contents had been recovered without their aid, and that they had lost the chance of earning the reward.

They did not feel very kindly disposed toward Sam for what he had done, and relaxed their efforts to catch the crooks. It is assumed that the three rascals read what was printed in the papers, and that they roundly cursed the Young Texan and swore to get square with him. The reporter of a morning paper found out where Sam boarded and went there. He rang the bell soon after Sam got to his room, and the maid went upstairs and told the boy that a young man wanted to see him in the parlor. Sam thought it was his friend Will Walker, for he did not know any other young person likely to call on him, so he told the girl to send him up. The reporter came up and Sam, who was out on the landing, saw he was a stranger.

"You are Samuel Swift?" said the newspaper man.

"I reckon."

"I'm a reporter for the —," mentioning his paper. "I'd like to get your story about the recovery of the Trust Company's stolen tin box."

"Why, it's all printed in ther afternoon papers."

"The facts were not gotten first hand. You will be able to supply a better version, as you were the actor in the affair."

"Waal, I hain't got no objection to oblige yer, pard. Come in and sit down."

The reporter took down Sam's story in shorthand, asked him a few questions about himself, and said he was much obliged for his courtesy in furnishing the details.

"Yer welcome. Now don't go makin' no hero out'r me, pard," said Sam.

"I won't write any more than the truth."

"Ther president of ther Trust Company seemed to think I done a big thing, but gosh hang it, I didn't do nothin' that I couldn't help doin'. Them crooks had ther wrong pig by ther tail when they got hold'r me, that's all thar is to it. When a feller finds himself in a hole he generally tries hard to get out of it. That's jest what I did. If them chaps left that thar tin box whar I could get hold of it, I reckon 'twas thar funeral. I seen it and, of course, I took it. That's how ther Trust Company come to get it back. Thar warn't no redfire 'bout the matter at all. If I'd had a gun, things might have been diff'rent. I reckon I'd tried to capture them two crooks in ther next room. As I war brought up whar you learn to shoot when yer cuttin' yer teeth, I'm thinkin' them fellers'd had to cave in or get hurt."

The reporter was tickled with Sam's speech and took it down. Then Sam threw in a few remarks about Ike, and he took them down, too. And he made the most of his copy when he returned to the office, so that the story appearing in his paper next morning had the stories of the other papers beaten a mile. Sam nearly had a fit when he read it.

G. & W. went up half a point next day, and on Wednesday closed at 95 3-4. Thursday being Dec-

oration Day, there was nothing doing at all in Wall Street. It was opening day at Coney Island, and Sam and Will had arranged to go there. Sam was strolling up Sixth avenue Wednesday night when a man who was a stranger to him tapped him on the shoulder.

"Your name is Swift, ain't it?" he said.

"I reckon it hain't nothin' else," replied Sam. "Who might you be?"

"Don't you remember seeing me at the ranch last summer? My name is Jay Cotton. I called there to see some cattle your father was negotiating to sell to Armour & Co., of Chicago."

Sam looked at the man sharply. He was willing to swear he had never seen him before. Representatives from the big packing houses often called at the ranch, and he was more or less familiar with their faces. They usually stayed two or three days while the stock was being rounded up for their inspection.

"I guess you must be mistaken, mister. I don't remember yer."

"Well, I remember you. I didn't expect to meet you in New York. Come in and take a drink."

"Much obliged, but I don't drink."

"It's funny you don't know me," said the man. "I wish you'd come in. I've got something I'd like to show you."

By this time Sam's suspicions were on the alert. He thought the stranger altogether too insistent, and he figured that the chap was a sharper, who took him for a jay, and wanted to rope him into some trap, intending to fleece him. He declined to enter the saloon on any pretext and started on. Two hard-looking characters joined the man who had talked to him, and they held a rapid consultation. The three then followed the young Texan. Sam crossed Broadway just above Herald Square, where Sixth avenue and Broadway cross each other like a capital X, and stopped in front of the large glass windows that permit the public a good view of the pressroom of a big daily newspaper.

One of the big color presses was working on a part of the coming Sunday edition, and Sam was much interested in watching the stream of pictured sheets flying along on the endless tapes. Suddenly the three men surrounded Sam and one pressed a cloth over his face. A struggle took place and Sam went down with two of the men on top of him.

CHAPTER XIV.—Sam Gets into a Bad Fix.

The incident attracted the attention of the few people in the vicinity, but they made no attempt to interfere. For all they could tell, it might be a private scrap. The man who had talked with Sam ran to the driver of a near-by cab.

"A friend of ours has just been taken with a fit. We want to get him home as soon as possible. What will you charge to take us to No. — West 41st street?"

The driver knew that was a tough neighborhood, but was perfectly willing to take a fare there if he was paid in advance. He mentioned the price and asked for the money.

"All right," said the man.

He called to the others, who were making a bluff of holding Sam up now, for the boy was unconscious from the drug administered to him.

They lifted the young Texan, bore him to the cab and one of them got in after the boy was propped up on the seat. The man who had engaged the cab paid the price asked and the other tough got up on the seat. The cab started off, leaving the other man to return to the saloon on Sixth avenue where he encountered the boy. It was many hours later, in fact, well toward morning, when Sam recovered his senses and found himself tied hand and foot on a small bed in a room surrounded by darkness. He could make out a window at the foot of the bed, and a dark object or two close by, but that was about all. Why he had been brought to that place and tied up was a mystery to him.

He remembered the sudden assault made upon him, but did not connect the matter with the man who had tried to get him into the saloon. As time passed, Sam fell asleep and he didn't wake till broad daylight was shining through the window. He now saw that he was in a small, dirty room, equipped with the bed he lay on, a rickety chair, and a disreputable-looking washstand. There was a chunk of plaster out of the ceiling and another out of one of the walls. A door communicated with another room, and a second door opened out on the landing, facts that Sam learned later. As he could see the roofs of a row of houses opposite he knew he must be in a room at the top of the building. His view was a rear one, with a prospect of narrow backyards. The hour was eight, but Sam had no idea of the time.

A variety of street noises faintly reached his ears, and he heard sounds of footsteps and rough voices in the house. Another hour wore wearily away to him, and all sounds grew louder. The yells and shouts of children in the yards reached him, and the talking of women hanging out of the windows of the near-by tenements. Finally he heard voices in the adjoining room. After a while he heard the sounds of cooking and the odor of onions penetrated to his room. A coarse voice of a woman had been added to the two men's voices in the next room, and what snatches of conversation as came through the door impressed him with the idea that he was surrounded by pretty tough society. By and by he heard footsteps on the stairs, which stopped long enough at a door close by for the person, whoever he was, to open the door, walk in and slam it after him.

"Hello, Martin!" he heard somebody say.

The visitor made some reply and then the other person said:

"Yes, we've got him, all right. He's in the next room, tied hand and foot."

Sam knew he was the party referred to, and he wondered who Martin was, and what interest that individual had in him. Fifteen minutes elapsed and then there was the sound of chairs shoved back and men walking around. A door was opened and more than one man came out on the landing. In a few minutes a key rattled in the door of Sam's room, it was pushed open, and three men entered. Sam looked at them. He believed that two of them were the fellows who had attacked him the night before and put him out of business. The third he recognized as the leader of the Trust Company crooks. Martin advanced to the bed.

"Well, young feller, how do you feel, eh?"

"I reckon I'd feel better ef I wasn't tied up in

this hyar fashion," replied Sam. "Mebbe yer'll tell me what I'm up ag'inst."

"You're up against the men you done out of the tin box," replied Martin.

"That so?"

"Yes, it's so. You done us out of \$30,000 worth of swag, and we've made up our minds to square with you. You played us a shifty trick, but I guess you won't be able to repeat it."

"What are yer goin' to do?"

"That's up to you. You got \$2,000 from the Trust Company. If you hand that over to us, we'll let you off. If you don't agree to do it, something will happen to you."

"Waal, I can't turn it over to yer, 'cause I hain't got it, and I wouldn't ef I could," returned Sam.

"Then you refuse to turn over that \$2,000?"

"Hain't I told yer I can't?"

"That's all nonsense!" replied Martin impatiently.

Sam said nothing. Martin walked to the window and looked out. Then he turned around, signed to his companions to leave, and the three left the room, locking the door after them and removing the key. Three hours later, or about one o'clock, Martin, who had been in another part of the city, returned, met one of the men in the saloon below, and they went up to the top floor. Behind them came a couple of men who looked something like dock workers. The door of the little room was opened and the men came in and found Sam as helpless as ever.

"If you don't agree to hand over that money, you'll go into the river to-night!" said Martin.

At that moment the door was opened and the two laboring men entered.

"Throw up your hands, Martin," said one of them. "We've got you!"

The men were detectives in disguise. While the speaker covered Martin with his revolver, the other advanced and handcuffed the rascal. While they were giving their attention to Martin the other chaps slipped out of the room and made off. Having secured the crook, the officers looked at Sam and observed his predicament.

"Who are you, young fellow? And how is it you're in this shape?" asked one of the detectives, taking out his knife and proceeding to cut the boy free.

"I'm Sam Swift, and I'm in this hyar scrape 'cause I recovered the tin box stolen by that chap and two others from the Trust Company last Friday."

"How came you in the hands of this rascal?"

Sam told his story.

"I guess it was a good thing for you that we struck this fellow's trail and followed him up here."

"I should say so, pard! I'm a whole lot obliged to yer both."

"You're welcome. You'd better come to the station house with us, and the captain will probably send somebody out to look for the fellows who did you up last night."

The party then walked out of the room and the house, with their prisoner in charge, and started for the station-house.

CHAPTER XV.—Conclusion.

Sam told his story to the captain at the station house, described the two rascals as well as he could remember them, and then left to get his breakfast at a restaurant, for it was getting toward noon, and he was very hungry by that time. He hurried around to his boarding house and found Will waiting to see him. He then told Will what had happened to him during the night, and Will was astonished. Next morning Sam was at the little bank at his usual time when he had business on his hands. G. & W. opened at 94 7-8 and the next quotation was 95. It fluctuated during the day, but finally closed at 96. During the two-hour session on Saturday it went to 97. Sam figured that so far he was about \$5,400 ahead on his deal. The stock continued to advance steadily during the following week, reaching par on Wednesday. When Sam got home that night he found a note from Dorothy Barnes, inviting him to call on the following evening.

He called promptly at eight o'clock and was introduced to two young ladies and their escorts, who had been invited to meet him. Sam proved very entertaining to the young people, who thought his talk was decidedly original. He enjoyed himself hugely, particularly as Dorothy showed him a lot of attention. On the following day G. & W. went up to 106 and kept on next day to 108.

"I reckon yer didn't make no mistake follerin' my tip," Sam said to Wilson.

"I should say not," replied the man. "Don't you think it's about time to sell?"

"Waal, I think it's likely to go a little higher. The chap I got ther tip from said he expected to see it go up twenty p'int's."

"It doesn't follow that it will. As I stand to make \$800, which is more than I've made on a deal for a long time, I guess I'll cash in. If I was in your shoes, with 400 shares, I'd sell, too. You will make over \$6,000."

"I reckon I'll wait a while," said Sam.

Wilson went over to the window and ordered his fifty shares to be sold. On Monday morning G. & W. was still the chief attraction at the Exchange, and at noon reached 110. Sam decided that was as far as he'd risk it, and sold out. He realized \$7,000 profit. A few days afterward he heard that copper stocks were rising. He called around to Mr. Barnes' office and asked him about it.

"Well," said that gentleman, "I guess you wouldn't lose anything if you bought Eldorado Copper. It's a new thing and you can get it for \$2. The prospects are it will be worth double that inside of a month."

"Will yer execute an order for me?" asked Sam. "Buy me 4,000 shares. I'll go and get ther money to pay yer fur them."

"That will cost you \$8,000 if you intend to buy it outright."

"I've got ther spondoolix. I cl'ared \$7,000 on G. & W. the other day."

The broker laughed and took Sam's order and bought the stock for him. In a day or two Eldorado, in conjunction with other copper stocks, began to go up. In a week it was selling for \$3. Sam now hung around the Curb instead of the

little bank, and he gradually grew familiar with the operations of that exchange. At the end of the second week Eldorado was going at \$4. Sam called on Broker Barnes and asked him if he thought it would go any higher.

"What do you think yourself, you've been following the market?" asked the trader.

"Waal, copper looks strong to me," answered Sam.

"That's the way I think. I've got a block of Eldorado myself, and I'm holding on to it. Perhaps you'd better give me an order to sell your stock at my discretion, then I'll look out after it for you."

Sam thought that a good idea, and made out the order. During the next two weeks Eldorado went up to \$6. At that price Mr. Barnes sold Sam's shares and his own. The young Texan's profit amounted to \$16,000, making him worth \$25,000.

"I guess I'll write dad now and tell him how much I'm worth," he said to the broker.

"I would. The news ought to be a big surprise to him."

"I reckon he'll think I'm foolin'."

"I'll write a note, stating that you've just made \$16,000 on a copper deal through me, and that the stock cost you \$8,000 a month ago. That will prove you're worth at least \$24,000," said Barnes.

"All right, sah, that'll do first-rate," said Sam.

The broker called in his stenographer and dictated the note. Sam wrote his letter, enclosed the broker's note, also his statement of account, and dispatched the whole in the registered mail to his father. The letter duly reached its destination and produced a sensation in the Swift household. The news of Sam's success quickly circulated among the boys on the ranch and the whole bunch declared there were no flies on the young Texan.

That night Sam decided that he would pay Mr. Shuttleworth a visit, and he wrote him to that effect. The Elmira merchant wrote back telling him he would be glad to have him spend a week at his home. So Sam consulted the railroad timetables, and picking out a train, left New York, en route for Elmira, where he duly arrived and was met at the station by the merchant. Mr. Shuttleworth was somewhat surprised by his swell appearance, and rightly concluded that Sam was making a good thing out of the stock market. Sam had a bang-up time in Elmira, and returned to New York thoroughly satisfied with his visit. On his way back Sam got an idea he'd like to have an office for himself. He really didn't need such a luxury, for it was of no particular use to him in the way of business. Most speculators have their offices in their hats, as the expression runs.

Sam, however, felt he could afford to put on a little style. Accordingly, as soon as he got back he looked around for a small room that was reasonable in the way of rent. He couldn't find what he wanted in Wall Street, for the price was too high to meet his views. He found a room, however, in Hanover Street, close to Wall, and he took it. In a few days he had it furnished with a desk, rug, safe to hold his money, and other necessary articles, including a stock-ticker. A painter put "Sam Swift" in the center of the door.

"Thar, now folks kin find me, all right," he said, as he viewed his name complacently.

He had some cards printed with the following:

"Sam Swift, Room 65, No. — Hanover street, New York City."

These he circulated among his friends and acquaintances. His first visitor was Will Walker.

"Hello; gone into the brokerage business, Sam?" he said.

"No; this hyar air jest my private stampin'-ground. I kin watch ther market on the tape without rubbin' elbows with a lot of chaps I keer nothin' about. Then my friends kin call up and see me. Ef they smoke, I have a box of cigars to treat 'em with. What d'ye think of ther idea?"

"It's all right, if you can afford the luxury," replied Will.

As it was now the middle of summer, there was not much doing in Wall Street. The brokers were out of town most of the time. Mr. Barnes had a cottage down at Southhampton, Long Island, where his family was staying, and he invited Sam to come down and spend a week. The young Texan accepted the invitation, and devoted himself with great assiduity to Miss Dorothy. Sam was a fine, broad-shouldered fellow, and the girls rather envied Dorothy having such a fine-looking young fellow at her beck and call.

It is true they mimicked his walk and made fun of his swagger, but they liked him just the same, for all he needed was a little polish and improvement in his talk to make him a corking fine man, and all this he was bound to acquire as he grew in years. Dorothy saw that Sam was pure gold underneath his rough exterior, and she set herself to work to polish him up. She knew Sam thought a great deal of her, and that he regarded her as a sort of angel vastly superior to himself, and in her innermost heart she knew that she was learning to care a great deal for him.

If we had the space we should like not only to follow Sam's further speculative career and show how he eventually became a rich Wall Street operator, but show how, by constant contact with well-bred people, aided by the interested efforts of Dorothy Barnes, he gradually emerged from his woolly ways and language, just as a caterpillar turns into a butterfly. All we can say is that two years of New York life made an astonishing change in Sam. His own folks didn't recognize him as the same boy when he made a visit to the ranch clad in his silk hat and fine raiment. Ike took him for a tenderfoot and was figuring on the fun he was going to have with him when he discovered who he really was.

Sam did not visit the ranch again till he brought his bride, Dorothy, nee Barnes, to introduce to his folks and the boys.

Then ensued another high jinks, which began at the railroad station, where Sam and his wife were met by the cowboys, headed by Swift, Senior.

Then Sam and his wife returned to New York, where he is living to-day, and is still alluded to as Sam, the Speculator.

Next week's issue will contain "A BORN SHOWMAN, OR, THE BOY WHO RAN A CIRCUS."

CURRENT NEWS

GOLD IN GOOSE'S CRAW

The goose that laid the golden egg has been made famous in world folk lore and fable, but it remained for Robert W. Osborn, Christmas seal sale director, of No. 1110 Selling Building, Portland, Ore., to discover a goose with a nugget in its craw. Osborn purchased a fine ten-pound specimens of the goose family at the public market on Christmas Eve. He took the fowl to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Elliot, where it was dressed for the Christmas feast. When the dressing was in progress a gold nugget the size of a pea was taken from the bird's craw. Now Mr. Osborn is looking for the place where that goose found the nugget.

A SCALPED HEAD DIFFICULT TO HEAL.

One of the most difficult wounds to cure is that of total scalping, such as occurs when a woman's hair is caught in machinery and as used to take place when Indians lifted the scalps of their enemies. In the *Journal de Chirurgie* (Paris), Dr. C. Lenorment describes sixty-seven such cases and their results.

The reason for the difficulty is that the scalp is nourished by arteries that have no connection with those of the skull, and the size of the wound is so great that any growth of new tissue from the edges will never extend all over the bare skull, or only after years of suppuration.

Dr. Lenorment says that when the scalping is not total every effort should be made to save the flap by sewing it back in place. But when it is total he has found the most successful treatment to be with flaps of tissue cut from other parts of the patient's own body, and grafted over the skull. These flaps should be an inch or more wide and three or four inches long, placed close to each other or even overlapping. He believes in doing this at once, and says some cases have entirely healed in a month, though others take more than a year.

LIBERTY BONDS HELP TWO ALIENS GAIN CITIZENSHIP.

The purchase of Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps helped two erstwhile enemy aliens—one German and one Austrian—to gain citizenship in the United States.

Justice Manning, sitting in a Long Island Court, granted citizenship to the German and Austrian after they declared they were loyal to the United States during the war and were regular investors in Treasury Securities.

The accumulation of \$500 and its investment in Liberty Bonds also enabled the Austrian to bring his two small children here from Vienna on a permit from the Federal authorities.

Before the German was admitted to citizenship the justice asked him what his attitude was during the war. "I worked all the time here. I bought Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps, and I helped the Red Cross and joined in all the other work," was the reply of the applicant. A

similar statement was made by the Austrian. Both of them denied that they intended returning to the countries of their birth.

The fact that loyalty to the United States, as evidenced by investment in Treasury Savings Securities and Liberty Bonds, enabled the men to become citizens of this country has made a deep impression on the foreign born residents of their neighborhood.

Both the German and the Austrian are now firm advocates of the practice of saving and investment in Treasury Savings Securities. They are of the opinion that inasmuch as Treasury Securities helped them through one emergency they may be helpful to them in the future.

Uncle Sam to encourage saving and thrift is offering a new \$1 Treasury Savings Stamp, which appeals strongly to those who wish to save and invest in small amounts.

—BUY W. S. S.—

FREAK INVENTIONS PATENTED IN ENGLAND.

Among the oddities recently patented in England are what is called a "safety ship," which is a great hull mounted on three floats and entirely above the water; and a tin cape hinging at the neck, to be worn by a man having his hair thinning. The cape has a gutter around its wide or lower edge, with a spout to pour the clippings of hair into a basket.

Another is a boot with a sole so thick that it can contain a chamber into which hot water is poured, to keep warm the feet of the wearer.

Then there is a double bowled pipe, with a small pipe connecting the two bowls. Both bowls are to be filled with tobacco, a steam with an airtight cap is put over one bowl and the other is lighted. When this is smoked out it is refilled and the stem and cap are changed to it, the bowls being smoked alternately and the smoke always passes through an unburnt charge of tobacco before being drawn into the mouth.

But the oddest of all is an apparatus for determining the sex of any living thing. Of this the inventor writes: "The appliance is operated by magnetism derived from the contact between the user of the instrument and the human being, animal, or egg. The device is operated by holding the handle as lightly as possible, so that the wire around the handle touches the hand. The instrument is then held over the subject to be tested."

The handle is of cork, wound with copper wire, from which hangs by a silk thread a pendulum consisting of a casing containing steel wires passing through a cork plate and surrounding a central needle which penetrates a cork stopper at the lower end. When held over a male of any sort, whether this be an adult or an embryo, the pendulum swings to and fro; when it is held over a female the pendulum gyrates in circles.

A Lawyer At Nineteen

—OR—

FIGHTING AGAINST A FRAUD

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story)

CHAPTER VIII.

Lew Is Asked to Take a Case, and It Leads to Unexpected Results.

"I suppose that is good advice," said Lew, "but somehow or other I don't feel like following it. In the first place it would inform the people on the other side that I was alarmed and that they were suspected, which is something that I don't want to happen, and in addition to that, Mr. Scribner, I am a husky sort of individual and have a great deal of confidence in myself."

"Well, there's a good deal in that," admitted the old lawyer. "I guess you can take care of yourself."

"I promise you that I will be careful," said Lew, to reassure his employer, and then he took his leave.

When he got back to the office Eddie Blakesley met him.

"There's a man in your room who has been waiting half an hour," said the office boy.

"All right," said Lew, and walked into his room. A respectable-looking man of middle age was sitting there, and he at once arose and looked keenly at the young lawyer.

"Yes, you're the right party," he said, with a shake of his head.

"I'm glad to hear it," smilingly said Lew.

"Yes," said the visitor, "you are the young man I listened to for a half hour in court when the Smollett case was tried, and I put you down then as the smartest lawyer of your age in the state, and when I went home I told my son about you, and now he wants you to take a case for him."

"My name is Thompson. I live at No. 434 Peach street, with my son, Amos."

"Amos has been a saving lad ever since he earned his first dollar, and always made it a point to put some money in the bank every week. He saved up enough to make a half payment on a house, and had the house rented for real nice money, and everything looked quite favorable for him until a week ago, and then a woman brought suit against him, saying that she had been visiting his tenant and came down the stairs and tripped on a break in the oilcloth and fell to the hallway below. She swears that the hallway was dark, which is against the law, and that she couldn't see the tear in the oilcloth and had no way to guard against the accident, and now she's suing Amos for such an amount of money as would put him in the poorhouse if she proved her suit against him. Amos says that he has got proof that the hallway was lighted, and that the

covering of the stairway was all right that very day, and he wants you to take the case and save him from ruin."

"All right," said Lew, who had listened to the man's clear account of the trouble with professional interest. "Tell him to come and see me."

"That's the trouble," said Mr. Thompson. "The worry of this case has laid Amos up in bed, and he wants you to come to see him and take charge of the proofs he has. There's no hurry, but I want to tell him that you'll take his case, for after what he's heard about that Smollett case he's crazy to have you, and it'll relieve his mind. When shall I tell him you'll call?"

"I'll see him this evening," said Lew.

"Much obliged. Got the address?"

"Yes, I've put it down."

"Then I'll be going. Amos will be mighty pleased to learn that you're going to take this case, I tell you."

And with a pleased expression on his face Mr. Thompson departed, and Lew turned his attention to other matters.

The young lawyer felt highly complimented.

The door had scarcely closed on Mr. Thompson's retreating form when it opened again and he thrust in his head.

"You're only a young lawyer, you know," he said, with a grin, "and I told my son, Amos, that you'd likely be cheaper than the old ones and handle the case just as well. Is that right?"

"That's right," laughingly admitted Lew, who was very pleased to have a case come to him so soon as a result of his success in the Smollett case. "I'll not overcharge Amos."

Mr. Thompson nodded smilingly and disappeared.

Lew put a blank contract in his pocket, along with some legal cap paper on which to write down the minutes of the case when he should make his call on Amos, and then plunged into other work. He was the kind of student to be much absorbed in any matters that occupied his mind, and at such times was absent-minded to a great degree, and remembering this he was careful to free himself of all thoughts of business when he left the office, so as to have his brain clear and his senses alert for danger when he walked out into the street.

It was, of course, useless to try to conjecture what form the next move on him would take, but he was certain that the gang would try to harm him in some way, and the occurrence of the morning in the corridor of the courthouse made him think that it would take the form of an assault.

"If they could lay me up for a while it would answer their purpose, and the suit would have to be tried by one of the other lawyers in Scribner's office, which would be just what they want," thought Lew, "so I must have my eyes and ears open for trouble all the time."

With this idea in mind the young lawyer looked keenly around him on all sides when he went into the street, and when strange men came up close to him he edged away from them.

However, nothing happened to him, and he went home and ate his evening meal, after which he started out to call on Amos Thompson.

(To be continued)

THE NEWS IN SHORT ARTICLES

'GHOST' BURGLARS, CHAINED IN MORGUE,
DIE OF HUNGER

Petrograd, which is used to thrills, found a new excitement in the activities of a band of burglars recently. The robbers had a novel way of terrorizing their victims. They would appear at a house at midnight, dressed in flowing white robes and with masks the eyes of which had been ringed with phosphorescent paint so that they burned and glowed with a fiery radiance. While the householders lay paralyzed with terror by the advent of these supernatural visitors the robbers would proceed to loot the house in a mundane and practical fashion.

Members of the band have been captured and the Soviet authorities, believing that the punishment should fit the crime, made them dress in their ghostly swathings and chained them in a morgue, surrounded by dead, where they starved to death.

A STRANGE WAY OF PRODUCING DRINKS.

When the Akron Vice Squad raided a South Akron soft drink parlor one day they found what is said to be one of the most ingenious and most complicated "blind tigers" ever unearthed in Akron.

The unique contraption was discovered when presumably a water spigot back of the counter suddenly issued forth odorous amber fluid when one of the officers turned the valve. The Vice Squad traced the liquor to its source. They found a large can built into a hot air pipe on the second floor of the building. Connected to it was a rubber hose running down the pipe and between the walls and connecting with the spigot after taking a circuitous and secluded course.

Police had searched the establishment before, but had failed to find the secret tap. The proprietor was held for violation of the Crabbe act.

POLICE GRAFT IN LONDON.

A newsboy saw a man scale a stone wall the other day in London, England. From this circumstance have resulted disclosures of an alliance between certain uniformed members of the London police force and thieves and highwaymen under which the police have not only aided the thieves, but have actually turned thieves themselves in their hours off duty.

Almost every London householder has been in the habit of calling up the police department on the eve of his vacation to ask him to guard his unoccupied home. Consequently, the department has an enormous list of unoccupied houses. The numbers of these houses are given the members of the force, with instructions to watch for burglars.

Recently there has been an epidemic of burglaries in the outlying residential section of the city. Practically all the looted houses were homes of persons away on vacation who had notified the department of their plans. Very few of the burglars have been caught; in fact, the patrolman on the beat where the burglars occurred invariably reported that they had seen no suspected charac-

ters in the neighborhood. To make the problem still more difficult, the burglaries were seldom discovered until weeks afterward, when the owners returned home.

A newsboy, delivering his papers in the thief-ridden section of the suburbs, saw a man climb over the wall of a large garden surrounding a mansion that sits well back from the roadway. He had read of the burglaries; his suspicions were aroused, and he summoned the nearest policeman, having telephoned already to the precinct station. Within a few minutes a cordon of bobbies and detectives closed about the mansion.

Three burglars were captured red-handed; one escaped by climbing the wall and running. Of the trio captured, two were found to be policemen; one of them, indeed, the man who did police duty eight hours a day on the beat where the mansion was located. The newsboy glimpsed the escaping burglar and asserted that he, too, was a policeman. The third prisoner was a notorious thief.

Since the arrest of the burglar policemen an investigation has revealed that the case is by no means exceptional, and that the immunity from arrest enjoyed by many London burglars is due to a widespread alliance with the police.

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A TOUGH TALE

By COL. RALPH FENTON.

"There's no use in talking," remarked Buck, surveying our mess with a twinkle in his eye, as he proceeded to scrape a coal from the campfire for the purpose of relighting his pipe. "A tail-hold, as you call it, comes almighty handy at times. I recollect one time especially. It was when Jim and I was trapping on Feather river. But what's the use in telling the story? Some of you'd say that I didn't do no such thing. Well, maybe I didn't, but if Jim McDonald was here—rest his soul!—he'd make an affidavit to my assertion with pleasure."

"Go on, Buck," I said, for I was beginning to fear that we were about to lose a story which would serve to keep us awake until guard-time came round, if it did nothing more.

"Yes, yes; go on!" came from every side.

And the old fellow, with a grateful glance at me, scraped the coal into his pipe and commenced:

As I was remarking, that very tail-hold comes handy sometimes, although it is one of the uncertainest holds in the universe.

Well, a few months after Jim and I squatted in the Feather river country my chum got down with the fever, and all the heavy work fell on me.

I had to look after the traps, do the hunting, watch Jim, who got crazy at times, and make myself generally useful.

It was the worst country for mean cinnamons you ever saw.

Why they'd come right up to the shanty as if they were getting anxious about Jim's condition, and he said after he got well, that one day, while I was gone, a big she-cinnamon poked her nose through the window and actually asked him if he wasn't going to oblige the species by dying soon.

I know that I found the sash broken when I got back; but I always thought that Jim had done it in a fever fit, and he didn't tell me till long afterwards just how it happened.

One day I was approaching the shanty with two young grouse that I knew would brace Jim up.

He was at his worst just then, and I hadn't been two miles from him at any time for four days.

I always made him lock the door when I went out.

To unlock it, I used to use a long stick which I kept standing against the house for the purpose.

Many a time when Jim was asleep, I used to poke the stick in at the window, unlock the door, and join him without causing him to move.

But on the particular day I'm talking about now, when I came within sight of the shanty, I saw something that fairly made my hair rise.

The only window that looked into the room where Jim lay had but one sash, and right where it should have been, I saw the hind shoulders of a cinnamon bear.

Now you can bet that Buck Rodman was riled.

If I didn't stop and drop the grouse when I saw the sight, for the first thing that popped into

my head was that that bear wasn't the only creature around.

Yes, I thought that another had entered the hut and made short work of poor Jim, for the cinnamons had been prowling round in pairs or squads.

After a while, however, I concluded to keep the bear in the window from joining the feast.

If I shot him the way he was he'd only tumble inside, and if Jim wasn't quite gone he'd make quick work of him.

Presently I heard Jim, and I knew that he was alive; but he hadn't the strength of a child.

It was curious to see that bear trying to work himself into the hut; it was hard to tell whether he was too big, or the window too little; but I saw that he was gradually gaining the point.

"Lord have mercy!" groaned Jim. "If I could only keep the bear out till Buck got here I wouldn't be chewed up."

I was close upon the bear when I heard Jim, and I shouted:

"I am right here, Jim. Are there more than one?"

"There's one too many, Buck," he cried. "If you could only hold the bear where he is till I load the big rifle, maybe we'll come out of the scrimmage right side up."

I hold a cinnamon?

Well, I thought that Jim was wandering again, but I told him that I would hold that very creature, hold him or go under.

"All right," says he. "Hold on to that tail like a case of fever, and I'll load the big rifle."

You'd better believe, boys, that the next minute a fellow about Buck Rodman's size made a straight shoot for the bear, now about half-way inside.

I got a hold that wasn't to be sneezed at, such as it was, and bracing my feet against the hut alongside of the window I began to haul back with all my might.

The cinnamon wasn't long in realizing the situation, for he gave several emphatic growls, and tried to back out to inaugurate a tussle with the new foe.

"Now go in," holloed I to Jim. "I'm going to keep this hold till you load the gun if you're a week doing it."

There was no discount on Jim McDonald.

He was the best man in California, and I knew he charged the gun just as quick as possible.

But I wasn't long finding out that I had undertaken one of the biggest contracts on record, for when the bear made a lunge forward, the tail would nearly get through my fingers, and when he pushed backwards, he almost knocked my feet loose.

I always thought that Jim, racked with the fever, was at the worst end, and that made me hold like death.

By and by I could hear Jim trying to load the gun.

He was down on his knees, falling clean back and recovering every minute, he was so weak; but he kept on.

Gosh! wasn't there something in the window to make him keep at work?—and wasn't old Buck Rodman at the tail-end of that something trying to keep it off Jim?

Maybe you'd have laughed to have seen me

holding on to that cinnamon, but the gravity of the situation wasn't a laughing matter with me.

First I was tossed from one side to the other, and then back again; then the bear would elevate his feet and I'd go up.

But never for one second did I drop that tail.

For one mortal hour did I sling there, sweating like a Turk, and with no time to wipe my face.

The window was just small enough not to be too big, but when the cinnamon would exert himself the frame would expand and keep things dangerous.

Jim worked like a beaver at the old gun.

It hadn't been used for some time, and had been allowed to get rusty.

At last he got the powder down, but the ball stuck.

I could hear him pounding away and grunting over the work, but the ball wouldn't budge an inch.

Finally I said:

"Let the bear have it, anyhow, Jim. The old gun ain't one of the bursting kind. This hold of mine is getting mighty uncertain."

And so it was.

I was beginning to feel that the next time the cinnamon lunged forward he'd carry the window frame with him, and that under such circumstances the tail would slip through my hands like a candle.

At last I heard Jim say:

"Here goes, Buck, hit or miss."

And I held my breath.

And not another sound came from the shanty.

What on earth was the matter?

I expect another half-hour passed away when I heard a movement in the hut.

Gosh! how my heart jumped at that noise!

Jim was coming back to himself, and presently he called my name.

"Buck," says he, "I've been down the dark valley; but dark as it was, there was no cinnamons there."

"No," says I; "but there's one in the window that is about to see victory perch upon his banners."

"Not while Jim McDonald lives!"

Whenever Jim talked that way he meant business.

I heard him cock the gun, and all at once there came one of the all-firedest, queerest noises I ever heard.

The next minute that bear came back against me like a bombshell, and I was knocked about forty feet away, right square against a smart tree, which I broke off.

"Thunder and guns!" I roared, as I picked myself up, and then I saw the cinnamon lying beneath the window with his head blown to pieces.

For Jim had staggered forward and poked the gun into his mouth, and pulled the trigger.

When I went to the window and looked in, I saw Jim lying in another faint on the floor, and looking like one dead.

Well (finished the redoubtable narrator), I've had more than one tussle with the cinnamons of California.

I've had my hands on them everywhere, and I guess I'm the only human being living that can

say that there was a time when the tail hold saved a man's life.

"JIM THE PENMAN."

In the opinion of Chief Moran, of the U. S. Secret Service who has been studying counterfeiters and their products since he first came to the bureau in 1882, one of the cleverest of the lot was a man whose entire outfit of tools consisted of pen, ink and a small camel's hair brush. This was Emanuel Ninger, and he has been referred to as the original and authentic "Jim the Penman." For fifteen years Ninger, baffled the officers of the law, but in 1894 he was caught and sentenced to six years in the penitentiary. He was released in 1901. To this day, his photograph, framed with several samples of his work, hangs on the walls of the Secret Service Bureau.

Ninger made and passed all the notes himself, and the fact that he had no confederates to share his secret, coupled with his unique skill as a penman, made it possible for him to continue as long as he did. When at work in a room in his modest cottage at Flagtown, N. J., he allowed no one to enter, and not even his wife had knowledge of his secret. Ninger's method was to take bond paper of about the same quality as that of the genuine notes, though without the silk threads. Having cut this to the exact size of the note he dipped it in a weak solution of coffee to give the paper the appearance of age and usage. While the paper was still wet he placed it over the face of the genuine note, the edges being exactly together. The two were then placed flat upon a pane of glass and every figure and letter, portrait and vignette, with the signatures and seal, were brought out in bold relief through the transparent bond paper.

Placing the pane of glass against the window frame at an angle of forty-five degrees, so that the light shone through, Ninger carefully traced all parts, first with a hard, sharp pointed pencil, and afterward with pen and ink, the penman showing marvellous touch and skill. The colors on the note were applied with a camel's hair brush, and these colors so perfectly imitated those of the genuine note as to contribute materially to its excellent general appearance.

Red and blue ink marks were made to take the place of the silk threads which are worked into the plup of the genuine paper. Ninger also copied the Treasury seal, which is invariably placed over portions of the main design in such a way as to defy ordinary tracing. The back of the note showed the same care and attention, though executed almost entirely with the brush.

For years these pen and ink notes, usually in twenties and fifties, though sometimes in hundreds, appeared at the Treasury. Warnings of the counterfeits were repeatedly given widest publicity and numerous points wherein they differed from the genuine as well as methods for detection were incorporated into these warnings.

One of the methods suggested was to pass a moistened finger across the serial number. Under this test the ink would blur. The unintentional application of this test by a New York bartender who gave Ninger change for a \$50 bill led to the arrest of the counterfeiter.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1921.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NEEDLE IN SHOULDER.

Treated for neuritis and rheumatism until his case was considered hopeless, Michael Hays of Conway, Pa., a Pennsylvania Railroad locomotive driver, has obtained complete relief by the simple procedure of pulling a large needle from his shoulder.

Five years ago he was making his schedule run near Pittsburgh when he felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder. He was taken to his home and confined to bed. A few weeks ago he went to Hot Springs, Ark., where his negro attendant discovered a sharp point protruding from his skin. This proved to be a needle, and when extracted Hays was cured.

SNOWSHOES.

Snowshoes, which proved such important instruments in the recent rescue of the American naval balloonists from the snowbound wilds of Canada, are little known except in most general terms outside the localities where they are commonly used. Still, to make them is a fine art and to use them is an accomplishment. Walking on snowshoes is learning to walk all over again, says a bulletin on the subject by the American Forestry Association.

Up in the Hudson Bay country snowshoes are almost as important as food, and often more important if the food is very far away. The snowshoe, as the term is usually understood, is short and broad, and instead of being all wood, it generally consists of a wooden rim or hoop, cross-strung with thongs of leather. Snowshoes of this kind are not always classed as sporting outfits. They are strictly for business during the deep snows and the severe winters of the far northern regions.

The snowshoe, with its broad, latticed, rawhide bottom, is serviceable in walking over soft snow. The wearer does not expect to develop much speed. That is where, when snowstorms such as beset the Navy's men, the snowshoes play a big part. Northern hunters make their own snowshoes with hatchet and knife, and if leather thongs were not at hand, the lattice soles could be woven of basswood bark, which can be stripped in winter as well as in summer. Bark of several

other trees will serve also. Expert woodsmen know the art of heating the bark to make it peel in winter and to divide into strands of convenient size for braiding into soles for snowshoes.

LAUGHS

"Jones' cure was quick, wasn't it?" "Yes; his doctor received private information that his affairs were in bad shape."

Mrs. Wackum—How did that naughty boy of yours hurt himself? Mrs. Snapper—That good little boy yours hit him on the head with a brick.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "seem to imagine dey shows deir superiority to everybody else by tryin' to act meaner dan anybody else."

Stranger (at depot)—My good man, can you tell me the nearest way to Blank's hotel? Cab-driver—Sure. Jist step inside uv dis cab, sir.

Passenger—Why don't you pronounce the names of the stations so that we can understand them? Brakeman—What do you expect for thirty dollars a month—a college professor?

Statement of the ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY," published weekly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York:—Before me a Commissioner of Deeds in and for the city and county aforesaid, personally appeared Luis Senarens, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of "FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY" and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager, are:

Publisher—Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Editor—Luis Senarens, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor—None; Business Manager—None.

2. That the owner is Harry E. Wolff, 166 West 23d St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

LUIS SENARENS, Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1921.—Benjamin Schenker, (My Commission expires March 1, 1922.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

BOY LIVED ON GRASS.

Willie Bob, a sixteen-year-old Round Mountain Indian, arrived in Tonopah, Nev., after walking all the way from Carson City, where he escaped from the Stewart Indian Institute. The boy said he subsisted on the road on grass and sage and did not stop at any camps or ranches because he feared he would be arrested.

He walked a distance of 200 miles and was exhausted when he reached here. He will be returned to the school.

BEAR TAKES PIGS.

John Slasko, a Foster Township farmer, came to Freeland, Pa., the other day and asked the aid of hunters to kill a large black bear he says has been raiding his place every night for a week, culminating in the theft of four pigs, one of them weighing 100 pounds. The bear has also carried off chickens and geese. Slasko feared to track the bear because of its size and ferocity. When he returned home he was accompanied by a party of sportsmen who lay in wait for bruin all night.

EXTENSION OF THE FINGER-PRINT SYSTEM TO THE PORES.

An important adjunct to crime-detection is reported from Paris. This new plan supplements the Bertillon system of measurements and fingerprints. It has been found that a man can be traced not by finger-prints alone, but by marks on any part of the body. Any of the pores of the skin may be employed. This is the discovery of Dr. Locard, head of the French Police School at Lyons. Criminals often use gloves to foil detectives, but the forearm, or the elbow may give a print equally as valuable for identification.

SMALLPOX CHANGES HAIR COLOR.

The red-haired population of Clinton County, Ind., is even again. Several weeks ago John McGinnis of Frankfort one morning found his hair, which had been black, had turned over night to a fiery red. This week Russell B. Shaffor of near Geetingsville noticed that his hair, which had been red, had turned to an ebony black. Both men had been ill with smallpox and were convalescing when the color of their hair changed. Physicians here say that the changing color is one of the oddities of smallpox, although a rare occurrence.

BEARS RUN OFF.

Charles Hunt, a caretaker on a preserve in the vicinity of Pulaski, N. Y., had a lively bear hunt a few days ago.

Hunt was walking through the woods swinging his rifle when he spied a good-sized cub perched on the large limb of a tree and fired at the cub, wounding it, and the animal fell to the ground, followed in quick succession by three more real big black bears.

At this critical moment the caretaker, being without ammunition, beat it for the club house some distance away, secured plenty of ammuni-

tion and retraced his steps to the vicinity of the bear tree, but the quartet of animals, seeming to realize that he was a crack shot, made for their haunts.

THE PAMPERED SILK WORM.

For the first time since the war the silk industry in Asia Minor is flourishing. In 1915 most of the mulberry trees and the looms for weaving were destroyed by the Turks, and it was not until the Near East Relief, America's official organization for carrying on in Armenia, took up the task of repatriating the population and rebuilding their industries that the people were able to take up the work on which they had depended for their livelihood.

Mr. Melville Chater, Near East Relief worker in Armenia, writes that the people there give up their entire household to the accommodation of the little silk worms. The garden or the roof or the sidewalk may be good enough for the family, but the little "silk babies," as they are called, must have the best that is available.

First the front porch is surrendered to these precious guests. Then the parlor or library or living room, later the dining room, and finally the family move out entirely, leaving the little green worms in full possession.

"Recently," writes Mr. Chater, "I visited an Armenian home in Brousa, the center of the industry in Asia Minor. I was having my first meal with my hosts. The dinner, though very simple as to fare, was delightfully served, and I was struck with the immaculateness of everything, in strong contrast to most that I had been seeing in the Orient. Suddenly I looked down at my plate, and gave an involuntary exclamation of disgust. Crawling leisurely around the rim of the dish was a small but exceedingly wormy worm!

"Every one instantly sprang from the table. Amidst a terrible clamor they bore my plate away. But, to my great mystification, they carried it not to the kitchen but up the front stairway. 'You see,' explained one of the sons as he saw my bewilderment, 'we must take our little "baby" upstairs to a safe place so he will spin his cocoon. Come along up.'

"And he led me upstairs after the rest of the family to where, in one of the best bedrooms, the floor was laid with a soft carpet of little worms, some still green, some fast turning to a soft gray or yellow, as they wove their silken blanket about them.

"'Later,' said my host, 'most of the house will be given up to them. We have, as you see, an unusually large mulberry orchard, and in order that all our little silk worms may have a comfortable place in which to make their cocoons we ourselves will eventually have to move out. However, the weather is warm and we do not mind. We are only too glad to have our trees when most of those in the district have been destroyed by the Turks.'

Their real babies do not receive such tender care.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

HER LEGS NOW STRAIGHT

When the plaster casts were removed from the erstwhile bow legs of Ruth Gordon, an actress, who had each leg broken in two places so they could be straightened, Dr. Edwin Dyerson pronounced them "perfectly straight."

It will be a few weeks more before she can leave her wheel chair Dr. Ryerson said, but Miss Gordon smiled happily at the doctor's verdict. Six weeks ago she won Dr. Ryerson's consent to perform the operation, not because of vanity, she said, but because her legs compelled her to wear long dresses on the stage and prevented her from rising in her profession.

A MATHEMATICAL PRODIGY.

Some years ago the London Lancet cited a remarkable case in which extraordinary ability in arithmetical calculation was associated with general mental inferiority, if not actual insanity. The patient was completely blind and was able to make elaborate calculations such as a square root of any number running into four figures in an average of four seconds and the cube root of any number running into six figures in six seconds; thus he gave the cube root of 465,484,375, which was 775, in thirteen seconds. These are mere trifles, however, compared with the following. He was asked how many grains of corn there would be in any one of 64 boxes, with one in the first, two in the second, four in the third, eight in the fourth and so on in succession. He gave the answers for the 14th (8192), for the 18th (131,072) and the 24th (8,388,608) instantaneously, and he gave the figures for the 48th box (140,737,488,355,328) in six seconds. Further, on the request to give the total in all the boxes up to and including the 64th he furnished the correct answer (18,446,744,073,709,551,615) in 45 seconds. Such mental processes are particularly interesting in view of the fact that the patient cannot have any visual memories, as he has been blind from birth. The same patient can give the date for Easter in any year, in the Gregorian and Julian calendars respectively and simultaneously.

SOLD WINE IN OIL CANS.

Detectives Kennelly, Gilmore and Cassidy of the staff of Inspector John Walsh of the Eleventh Inspection district, raided the grocery store of Frank Messina at 63 Degraw street, Brooklyn, the other night shortly before midnight and confiscated 110 barrels of Italian wine, each containing thirty gallons, and fifty-four cases of Italian vermouth, the whole valued at more than \$50,000. According to the detectives Messina drew a revolver on them, but was overpowered and arrested, together with his sixteen-year-old son, Joseph. They were locked up charged with violating the Volstead act and the elder Messina was charged with violating the Sullivan law.

The detectives said last night that they obtained the evidence against Messina after they had spent several days trailing Martin Aase of 163 Carroll street, Brooklyn. Aase, the detec-

tives said, has for some time been peddling wine throughout the Italian district in Brooklyn, selling it in one gallon oil cans and making his trips back and forth in a wagon advertising kerosene for sale. Last night the detectives stopped him and examined several of his cans, discovering that the oil was in reality wine. Aase told them he obtained his supply from Messina's grocery store.

Messina's store was empty when the detectives reached it and they went into the basement. There, they say, they found Messina and his son filling oil cans with wine from the row of casks that lined the walls of the basement. They told Messina that he was under arrest and the man drew his revolver, it is charged. But before Messina could shoot he was seized by a detective and overpowered. He, his son and Aase will be arraigned before a United States Commissioner.

MAKING MONEY FLY.

"Making money fly is all right," says the Ashland (Ohio) Press, "provided it flies to a purpose and collects interest on the way.

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"It requires time, energy, and perseverance to earn money, but it needs only a moment of foolishness to make it fly.

"At the beginning of a new year of uncertainty it might be well for us to take a few of these little lessons to heart.

"The mightiest of trees spring from little roots, but each year they grow and thrive, until in time they become giants of the forests. They never fly.

"The greatest of fortunes found their inception in humble beginnings. There was much saving, but no flying.

"Saving is a little word, but it is the cornerstone upon which every giant commercial enterprise is reared.

"The wise man spends without stint for that which he needs, but he regulates his requirements to allow for a liberal amount of systematic saving.

"People who save not in youth have not in old age. Where the inclination is lacking no incentive exists, and without incentive there is little future to life.

"Work, save, and you will always have.

"Make it fly, and you will soon be in want."

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Violetsville, Pa. is a village just south of the York city limits and here, on the new State road, about nine o'clock one morning a motor truck with four men and a load of shoes and clothing stopped and here the bright Sunday morning was enlivened by a street auction. A crowd soon gathered and the strangers had no difficulty in finding bidders and buyers, as any price was taken.

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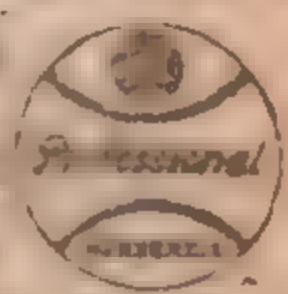
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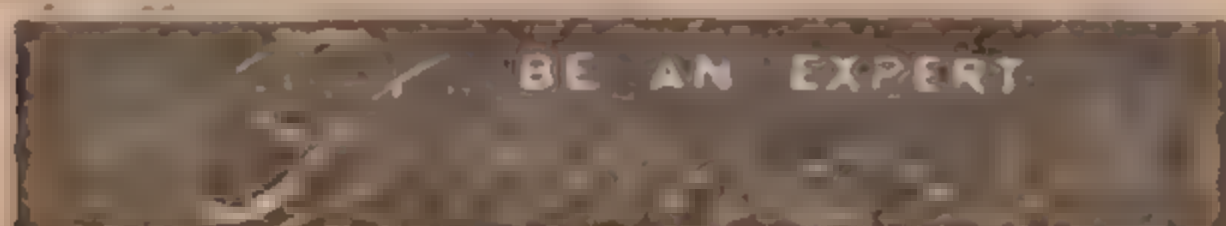
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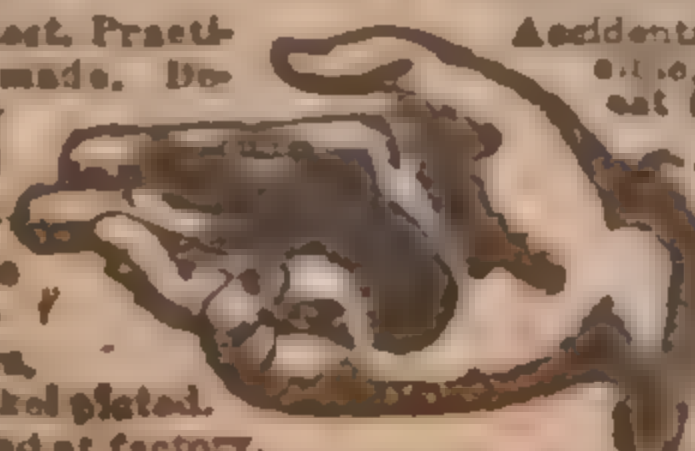
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Long ago when Peru was a jewel in the Spanish crown there lived in that country a negro of such remarkable sanctity that his miracles rivaled those of the best white saints of his time. Fearing for the supremacy of his race, the Spanish bishop took the precaution of forbidding this dark-skinned saint to give any further exhibitions of his power, an order which was accepted with the humility that marks the real saint of every age, land or color. Now, the Spaniards built a cathedral in Lima, and during the building of it a workman fell from the topmost scaffolding before the horrified eyes of the holy negro. It was a fearful dilemma. A second's delay and the man would be dashed to pieces. "Stop!" he shouted; and leaving the workman hanging in midair he sought out the bishop and explained the situation. If the bishop did not want a poor son of Ham to perform miracles, would he prefer to come and do the job himself? The bishop wisely chose to allow his black sheep to return to the cathedral and "carry on"; the workman fell up again gently to his scaffolding, and the work of building went happily on.

BATS, BLIND- FOLDED, ES- CAPE ALL OBSTRUC- TIONS

Professor J. Ar-
thur Thomson,
speaking before
the Royal Insti-
tute recently, told
of interesting ex-
periments made
in testing the deli-
cate sense of
hearing in bats.
Bats were ban-
daged so that
they could not
see at all and
placed in dark
rooms, across
which wires were
strung in all di-
rections. The bats
were able to fly
about freely and
never collided
with the wires in
their flight.

A suggested so-
lution of the mys-
tery is that the
bat while flying
utters a shrill
piping sound, so
shrill that it is in-
audible to the low
keyed human ear.
This sound may
cause a vibration
of the wires
which in turn is
heard by the bat,
warning it that
there is an obsta-
cle in its path.

The lecture
closed a series
dealing with na-
tural life and evo-
lution. The speak-
er discussed the
insect group,
stating that there
is always a dan-
ger to the world
in the rapid mul-
tiplication of in-
sects. If there
were no check on
insect life, he
said, or if the
present checks
were removed, in-
sects would mul-
tiply until they
caused the ulti-
mate disappear-
ance of the hu-
man race.



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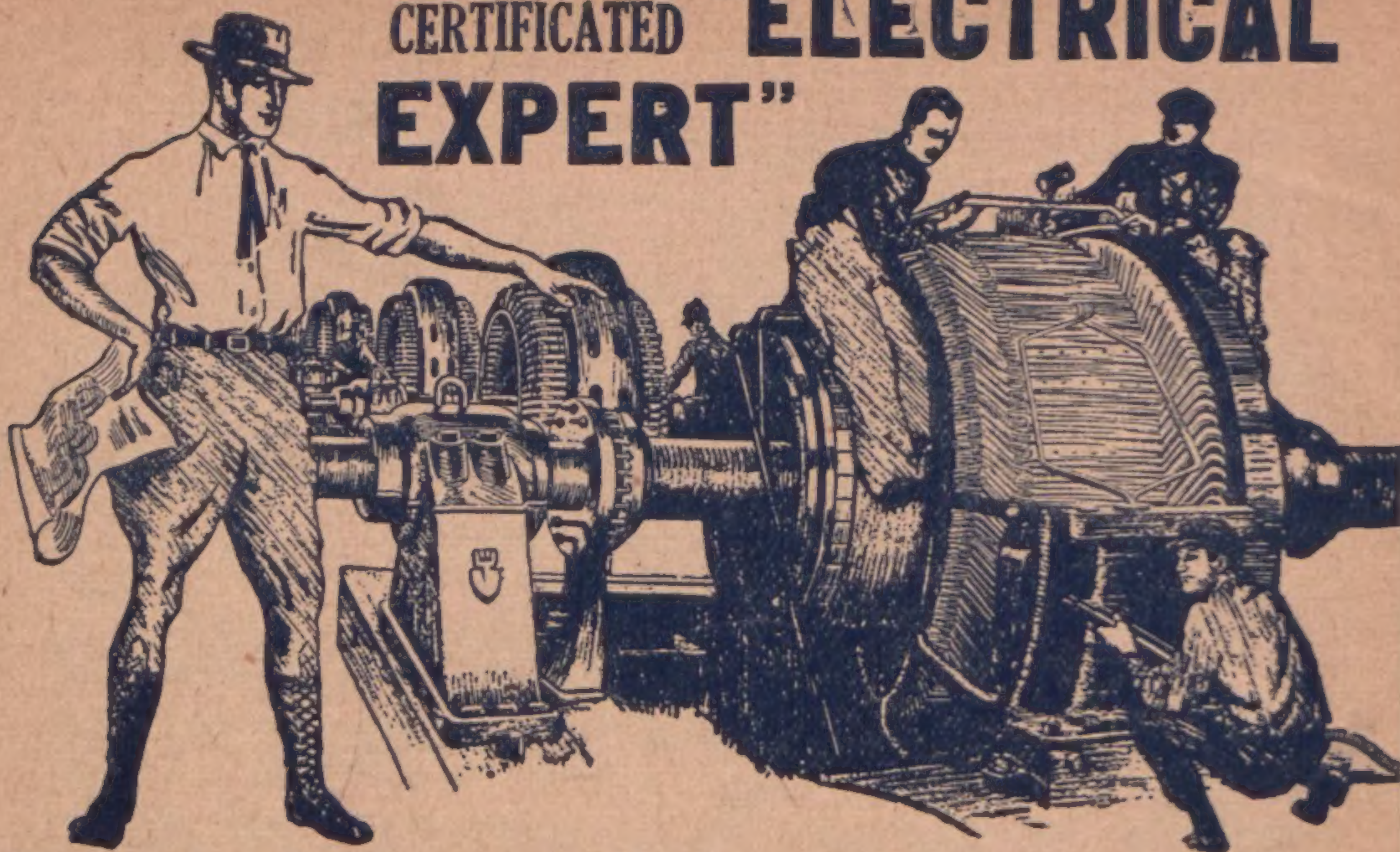
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